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OUR VILLAGE.

ALONG the old accustomed paths with musing
 steps we go,
 The green trees arch above our heads, and
 every branch we know ;
 The meadow has its tale for us, the lane its
 storied hour,
 Companions in each hedge we hail, a friend
 in every flower.

The headstones by the grassy graves bear old
 familiar names,
 Each, as we glance them idly o'er, its flash of
 memory claims,
 There, a sweet touch of pathos wakes, here,
 loving laughter tells,
 On some quaint long-recorded trait, the roused
 remembrance dwells.

The little child that gazes up, with wide blue
 wistful eyes,
 Unconscious of what charm for us in their
 soft lustre lies,
 Will answer with her mother's smile, or in
 her father's voice,
 And in the accent to whose ring our hearts
 can still rejoice.

The cottage doors are shut that ne'er closed
 to our steps of yore,
 Beside the evening hearth they talk of us and
 ours no more,
 Oh sad, and strange, and hard it seems, there
 are so few to greet,
 As slow and silently we trace the winding vil-
 lage street !

Yet half forgotten as we stand, amid the
 haunts of youth,
 The golden past asserts for us its strength of
 love and truth,
 Though other pathways woo us now, and
 other boons may bless
 The home that childhood's halo crowned
 claims separate tenderness.

All The Year Round.

AN EMIGRANT.

HE was young and fragile, and he was poor ;
 There were some to help him, who had not
 much ;
 There were others who wanted their help
 even more,
 (He was one who never was blind to such.)

Said he, " Now God grant that not age nor
 youth
 Shall lose one comfort by aiding me."
 And bright in his courage and brave in his
 truth,
 Our darling sailed, lonely, out over the sea.

And he asked not what he should like to do,
 But just did whatever his hand could find :
 And full well I trow that nobody knew
 Whether his task was all to his mind.

But God was watching. He smiled and said,
 " Free as mine angels, he works my will.
 Why should earth's burden on such be laid ?
 Let him come higher and serve me still.

What does it matter to one who goes
 To live with the angels, to live with me,
 Whether they plant on his grave a rose,
 Or never see it, out over the sea ?

" Come to me quickly." That voice he knew,
 And expected, and yet was the struggle
 long ;
 The fields of heaven were full in his view,
 But the ties round his heart were warm and
 strong !

But he chose the best — as he always could —
 The best for him and the best for us ;
 For he left us this, that whoever would
 Might enter heaven a conqueror thus.
 Good Words.

VESTA.

O CHRIST of God ! whose life and death
 Our own have reconciled,
 Most quietly, most tenderly,
 Take home thy star-named child !

Thy grace is in her patient eyes,
 Thy words are on her tongue ;
 The very silence round her seems
 As if the angels sung.

Her smile is as a listening child's
 That hears its mother's call ;
 The lilies of thy perfect peace
 About her pillow fall.

She leans from out our clinging arms
 To rest herself in thine ;
 Alone to thee, dear Lord, can we
 Our well-beloved resign.

Oh, less for her than for ourselves
 We bow our heads and pray ;
 Her setting star, like Bethlehem's,
 To thee shall lead the way.

Atlantic Monthly for November.

From The Contemporary Review.
CHARLES I. AND HIS FATHER.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

BY PETER BAYNE.

I.

THE "fractions" of a book on James I., which Leigh Hunt rescued from Mr. Carlyle's Waste-Paper Bag, are so picturesque in style, and so illuminative as to the history of the period, that one regrets they are fractions only. Carlyle could have given us a rare book on James. In the perplexing and contradictory character of the man, and in the tragicomic medley of events in his reign, he would have found exercise for dramatic sympathy and sardonic humour, and he would have had ample opportunity, in the course of the work, of indicating the "deep presaging movement" of those forces which were to convulse English society during the Puritan revolution. The reign of James was essentially an historical introduction to the life and times of Charles I., and it is as such that I treat of it in this chapter.

Carlyle evidently demurs to the verdict of mere contemptuous execration which has commonly been pronounced upon James. "His Majesty," he says, "as I perceive, in spite of calumnies, was not a coward." No man detests cowardice more than the biographer of Cromwell, but he will have it that James's discretion was of a kind not incompatible with courage. "He knew the value, to all persons, and to all interests of persons, of a whole skin; how unthrifty everywhere is any solution of continuity, if it can be avoided! He struggled to pre-empt pacifically over an age of some ferocity much given to wrangling." We seem to detect a spark of positive enthusiasm for James in Mr. Carlyle when he speaks of his good nature and his "shining examples of justice."

And yet the evidence is strong that James was both cowardly and unrighteous. It was not a shining example of justice that he gave in the case of Raleigh. It was still less a shining example of justice that he gave in the case of Somerset. The truth is, he was an aggregate of con-

fusions and incongruities. He was a spoiled child, in a deplorably literal sense, before he was born. Nature's intention with him seems to have been to produce the ablest Stuart that ever graced the line since it sprang from the daughter of Robert Bruce; but what Mr. Carlyle would call "black art" intervened to defeat nature's intention; and the child born three months after the shock received by Mary Stuart from the drawn swords of Rizzio's murderers was physiologically a wreck,—damaged irretrievably in body and mind. To revile James as a coward because he shuddered at the flash of the cold iron is as thoughtless as it would be to scorn him because he could not stand on his legs till he was seven years old. Though damaged, however, in mind and body, he was destroyed in neither. His limbs shook; his nerves were those of a hypochondriac; yet he had physical toughness enough to enjoy field sports. His tongue was too large for his mouth; he stuttered and sputtered; but he was a loud, voluble, vivacious talker. His mind, like his body, had been shaken into grotesque incoherence. Will and intelligence, instead of being in closest conjunction, like good sword in steady hand, had been flung apart. He would see with piercing clearness what it was best to do, and with streaming eyes, stammering and whimpering would wish to do it; and would not be able. He would negotiate about a matter for years, fail in his object, and then sum up with the adroit shrewdness of his friend Bacon, in form of an apophthegm, the cause of his failure. "The wisest fool in Europe," Sully called him. There is nothing in Shakespeare wiser than the sayings, or foolisher than the doings, of Polonius.

It was one of the fixed ideas of Englishmen in the first half the seventeenth century that Queen Elizabeth had been a great and glorious sovereign, and that it was well with England in her time. Knowing the Virgin Queen better than the men of that generation knew her, we can keep our admiration for her within bounds; but from the day of her death until the day when Charles II. returned

from his travels to ascend the throne, the reign of Elizabeth was looked back to with enthusiasm by the great body of Englishmen. Eliot and Pym attested the fact in their contentings with James; Charles I. knew it, and declared, in opening the Long Parliament, that his wish was to see "all things reduced to the good order and practice of Queen Elizabeth, which, by the people of England, were looked upon with the greatest reverence;" and it was one of the fundamental notions of Oliver Cromwell, who, to his second Parliament, used these words, "Queen Elizabeth of famous memory,—we need not be ashamed to call her so." Imperious, proud, ambitious to do good to her people and be the crowned servant of England,—with one hand on the money-bag and one on the sword,—persecuting Papists and bidding her own bishops know their mistress,—she was the kind of queen Englishmen could love. Arbitrary and overbearing she was; but Poyer could forgive his wife for being a termagant in consideration of her efficiency in mind—the house and snubbing Squire Donihorne. Elizabeth snubbed the pope, stood forth frankly as the head of the Protestant interest in Europe, fostered the Reformation in Scotland, befriended the Dutch, smashed the Armada, and did it all uncommonly cheap. She was neither too bad, nor what would have been quite as fatal—too good, to be the ideal sovereign of the great body of Englishmen.

James thought far too much of himself to learn anything from Queen Elizabeth. His political notions, even if abstractly wise, were hopelessly irreconcilable with those of Elizabethan Englishmen. Account for the fact as we may—whether it was that he wished to shield himself from assassination, or that he honestly desired to be fair and friendly to all his subjects—he was disposed to tolerate Roman Catholics. The fact is an honour to him in our eyes, but it grieved his own subjects. His foreign policy gave no more satisfaction than his domestic. He was the first advocate of the doctrine of English non-intervention in Continental poli-

tics; the head and, so far as appears, the tail and the body, of the Bright and Cobden school of his day. "Let us mind our own business! Why should not the two great maritime powers, England and Spain, having the broad spaces of the sea for roadway, make room for each other? We shall be Protestants; Spaniards will be Papists; but why should we injure each other for that? Why should we not rather be allied in those cases where our interests are identical?" This was the gist of James's non-intervention logic.

The present generation, with its insular and pacific maxims, can hardly cast a stone at him. Advice, political or theological, he was ready to give to all lengths and breadths; but whether people would hear, or whether they would forbear, he was not the man to strike. Not Lord Palmerston himself could have had firmer faith in the potency of Great British exhortation than James. Persons have been met with in our own time cynical enough to sneer at the substitution of constitutional syllogisms and well-aimed quotations, even when fired off by Earl Russell in his finest attitude, for cannon batteries and bayonet charges; and a similar scepticism was prevalent in the time of James. Reckoning up the succours forwarded to the distressed Elector Palatine, the wits declared that Denmark had sent a hundred thousand herrings, Holland a hundred thousand butter-boxes, and the king of England a hundred thousand ambassadors. James's subjects were eminently disqualified to appreciate anything but the eccentricity of his pacific opinions. They were fierce, impatient, irascible, and inspired with burning hatred both of popery and of Spain. It was the avowed belief of the ablest Protestants of the time, of men as statesmanlike as Pym and as ardently progressive as Milton, that peace could not be kept with Rome or toleration granted to Romanists, because the pope claimed to be above all monarchs and all laws. Jesuitism was in the heyday of its powers, and Jesuitic popery, which, until Prince Bismarck once more treated it as a reality, had become, for statesmen of our time, a reminiscence or a shadow,

was regarded by the great body of intelligent Englishmen as a terrible fact. It had been revealed to them in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew and in the Gunpowder Plot. Clad in steel, and commanding the armies of Catholic Europe, it engaged in internecine struggle with Gustavus Adolphus, the champion of Protestantism, who called all true Protestant hearts to his banner, a call heard and obeyed by many a brave youth in England and Scotland. "Those only," says Isaac Disraeli, "who have read the letters of the times can form any adequate notion of the agonizing and universal interest which pervaded the English people at every advance or retreat of the Austrian Tilly, the Danish Christian, and the Swedish Gustavus." It was not long-winded arguments, but steel-clad squadrons, that James's subjects wished him to contribute to the Protestant cause.

He had been ten years on the throne of England before his policy fully evinced its difference from that of Elizabeth. In 1610 the dagger of Ravaillac reached the heart of Henry of Navarre. Though he had formally joined the Catholic Church, Henry's schemes were generous towards Protestantism and obnoxious to the Jesuits, and they were commonly believed at the time to have planned the assassination. The general policy of James in relation to Continental Protestantism had been influenced by Henry, and the death of the French king removed one of his leading lights. For about ten years also, he enjoyed the services of Salisbury, the judicious minister of Elizabeth. It was in connection with the troubles of his son-in-law, the Elector Palatine, that James's distinctive and unpopular policy became conspicuous. The marriage itself had been enthusiastically approved in England. According to Tillières, the French ambassador, Elizabeth Stuart was "honoured and beloved" by the English people, and they were well pleased when she was given in marriage to a resolutely Protestant prince. The Universities had got out their jingling apparatus, and produced the amount of Latin verse required to celebrate the occasion. Among oth-

ers chosen at Oxford to do the jingling creditably to the University were two men, one in the prime of manhood, the other in the bloom of youth, who have become known to history — William Laud and John Hampden. Their epithalamium contained this prayer, with reference to the marriage: "That a progeny might thence arise unequalled by any land or race." Curious! Had Hampden's prayer *not* been granted there would have been no Prince Rupert to lead the Cavaliers on Chalgrove field, where Hampden fell; but there would also have been no female branch from the Stuart stem to ingraft on the Brunswick stock, and to yield an heir to the British throne when the male branch, against which Hampden fought, had been finally cut off. It is, perhaps, worth remembering that Prince Charles of Culloden stood not one whit nearer to James I. than his Brunswick cousins, and that Queen Victoria has in her veins that best stream of the Stuart blood which flowed off with her whom our fathers affectionately called "the Protestant Electress." Her Majesty inherits the throne of Great Britain as a Stuart.

The Elector Palatine was ambitious beyond his strength of wing, and, by hawking at the crown of Bohemia, lost both it and his patrimonial Palatinate. Had James been a man of war, tens of thousands of Englishmen would have gladly followed him to redress in arms the wrongs of Frederick and his wife. But James hated war, and there were other considerations besides his love of peace which might well disincline him to a warlike expedition. The old feudal array of England had fallen to pieces, and could not be pitted against the standing armies which had arisen on the Continent. He believed besides in the divine right of kings; he furiously detested the doctrine of the divine right of peoples. It was by the Bohemian people that Frederick had been called to the throne, and he had stretched out his hand against his liege lord, the German Emperor. James, therefore, was averse to the idea of fighting for his son-in-law; but he would negotiate for him to any extent; and circumstances provided him with a

field in which he could prosecute negotiations, as he thought, with a prospect of substantial results. His son Henry had died. His son Charles, whose cast of character suited him better, required a wife. Inasmuch as James was wise, he had discerned before leaving Scotland, and had written down in his "Basilicon Doron," that the heir to the English crown ought to marry a Protestant; but inasmuch as he was only a wise fool, he played the traitor both to his own sagacity and to the interests of his country and his race, by making it his grand object to marry Charles into one of the Catholic dynastic houses. It was so much finer to rank with the monarchs of Spain, France, and the Empire than to hold out the hand of fellowship to the mob of princelings who headed the mixed multitude of Protestant Germany! The Spanish Infanta was of the age at which those luckless beings, the princesses of old dynastic houses, are chaffered for by kings and ministers. Baby Charles and the Infanta — this was the scheme of James — would be married; England and Spain would be cordial allies; and the preponderating influence of the Spanish throne would be used at the Imperial Court for the restoration of the Palatinate to Frederick. Bristol, James's ambassador in Spain, whose talent, experience, and general ability to judge are beyond debate, made up his mind that the project was feasible, and that, in the event of the marriage, Spain would honestly exert herself to replace Frederick in his seat as Elector Palatine. Though they might hate the English and love the pope, all sensible Spaniards felt that it was of extreme importance to Spain that such Englishmen as Raleigh, Frobisher, and Drake,

Adventurous hearts who bartered bold
Their English blood for Spanish gold,

should leave Spanish commerce alone. They were willing, therefore, to pay some price for a stable peace with England. Under those circumstances it was natural that Spain, though perhaps insincere in the earlier stage of the negotiations, should become desirous that the Infanta should be married to Charles; and if this is granted, it can hardly be disputed that James, holding a very bad hand, was playing as good a game for the Elector as was on the cards.

The Spanish negotiation reached a crisis in 1623. Prince Charles had lately come of age. Buckingham was as-

siduous in his worship of the rising sun. Suddenly "the baby" and Steenie, as James called Charles and Buckingham, announced that they were going to Spain in person. James expostulated, gesticulated, cried; but he had himself, in his hot youth, crossed the sea to pay court to Anne of Denmark, and as "the sweet lads" insisted, the "dear dad and gossip" of course gave way. Taking the names of Tom and Jack, Charles and Buckingham crossed the Channel, and proceeded *via* Paris to Spain. Of Buckingham, perhaps the most interesting variety of the species royal favourite that ever appeared, it will here be appropriate to say a word or two.

Queen Elizabeth had inherited from her father the inestimable faculty of knowing and valuing a wise man when she saw him. An incurable and offensive flirt, she liked pretty men, but knew that they were good only for playthings, and had strength of will to keep them in their place. James thought no one so wise as himself, and was not without discernment of intellectual defect in fascinating personages; but knowledge, here and elsewhere, was not, in James, synonymous with power. Against Somerset he appears to have fairly maintained his mental independence; but Villiers, far more brilliant, ambitious, and daring than Carr, was resolutely bent on making him a slave in all respects. That Buckingham was a fool is as certain as that his sovereign was; but as James was a wise fool, Buckingham was a fool of genius. Felton's knife put an end to him before the nature and reach of his capacity could be finally estimated. That his figure was handsome and his face beautiful; that he was splendidly accomplished and that his manners were captivating; that his courage was steady and placid in the moment of general danger, and foolhardy when only his own life was at stake; that he was active, adventurous, and speculative, in the style of the old English voyagers; — all this may be regarded as proved. He entertained schemes of conquest in South America, which he got Gustavus Adolphus to sanction, and on which Cromwell, who became possessed of his papers, is thought to have founded an expedition. Equally certain is it that he was vain, unprincipled, irascible; that his prodigality was outrageous; that his arrogance and audacity verged on lunacy. Writers speak of his white velvet dress, hung with diamonds to the value of eighty

thousand pounds, which he shook from him in his path, as a lion shakes the dew-drops from his mane. Such a lion among ladies was likely to be "a most dreadful thing." Buckingham, the beautiful, madly arrogant Englishman, when he and Charles, on their way to Spain, mingled in the society of the French Court, dared to throw love-glances at the young French queen; and thus drew upon himself the dangerous frown of Richelieu. When lion meets lion, then comes the tug of conflict. The Cardinal, whose fine genius seems to have had the advantage (with a view to success) of being as untrammelled by religious scruples as that of Frederick or that of Voltaire, was himself a lover of his queen. His sacred character as a bishop, his eminence as a theologian, would lend exquisite flavour and piquancy to such forbidden fruit. The queen is understood to have been not insensible to the charm of having fascinated the two most fascinating and prominent men in France and England respectively. All things are said to be lawful in love, and Richelieu, who was seven years older than Buckingham, and now no longer that dapper ecclesiastic, that "creature of porcelain,"* whose ambition had first found wings in the service of the French queen-mother, absolutely forbade his rival, after the friends had gone on their way, to reënter France. The destructive wrath of Buckingham, prompting him to make his way into France at the sword-point and force the world to own that he, not Richelieu, was the better man, became an important factor in the political evolution of the time.

Such was the Buckingham with whom, after having seen and remarked at the French Court the vivacious, dark-eyed, captivating Henrietta Maria, Charles pursued his journey to Spain in quest of the Infanta. When Jack and Tom turned up in Madrid, the excitement among the Spaniards was great. Charles had touched the romantic nerve of the people, and it vibrated in vivid response. To a lover so frank and intrepid what could be denied? Philip declared that he would put his daughter into Charles's arms, and that, if the pope refused his sanction to the match, it should be dispensed with. Bristol was satisfied that the prospect of success was good. Then Buckingham spoiled all. Jealous of Bristol, insolent to the Spaniards, acting as a petulant and

capricious fool, he resolved to defeat the projected match. The facile Charles was persuaded that he was being played upon, and that the delay which occurred was due to Spanish treachery. There is no doubt that Philip and his ministers were falsely accused, and that Buckingham frustrated the negotiation from pique and passion; but when the duke returned to England, bringing back the prince, and it became known that he had been the chief actor in the business, Buckingham rose to the zenith of popularity. The joy of all classes at receiving back Charles from the perils of the sea and of popish Spain was unbounded. Such a clamouring and cackling of delight from shore to shore of England, especially in the loyal city of London! As if the affections and hopes of all the hens in the farmyard had been embarked with one adventurous duckling on the horse-pond, and now the inestimable creature was once more safe on land! If we were now to receive back the Prince of Wales after having been sealed up for a winter in the polar ice, we could not make greater fools of ourselves.

Our ancestors called themselves free, and in a deep sense were so. They understood that no king had a right to crumple up the written law in the shut fist of a despotic will. The prerogative of the Crown was, they vaguely conceived, the blazon and the buckler of the people. But an anointed king was for them a sacred personage. There was something supernatural about him. Superstition was still a colossal power, even in Protestant countries; men believed in witchcraft and astrology as firmly as we believe in dividends; and royal touch was still held to be potent in the cure of epilepsy. In its noblest form Shakespeare entertained this reverence for kings, and expressed it perfectly and imperishably when he spoke of the "divinity that doth hedge a king." If you would realize the difference between the antique England of the Jacobean period and the England of the Victorian age, read Macaulay's impatiently contemptuous sketch of James, and then turn to the following lines, in which Shakespeare, who was a subject first of Elizabeth and then of James, eulogizes both:—

As when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new-create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,

* Michelet.

Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she
 was,
 And so stand fixed : peace, plenty, love, truth,
 terror,
 That were the servants of this chosen infant,
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him.
 Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
 His honour and the greatness of his name
 Shall be, and make new nations. He shall
 flourish,
 And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
 To all the plains about him.

It is not reasonable to say that, in these lines, Shakespeare was a mere Court flatterer. The reverence for kings that pervades his historical plays was infinitely deeper than Court flattery. What he wrote about James was as natural, becoming, and right, in the eyes of his generation, as what Mr. Tennyson has written about Queen Victoria is in the eyes of ours. If Shakespeare had told James that his throne was "broad-based upon the people's will," he would either have received some serious mark of the royal displeasure, or, if James had happened to be in his best mood, would have been sent for and treated, on his knees, to a sputtering lecture, an hour long, on the sacred and imprescriptible rights of the Lord's anointed, while courtiers stood round in gaping admiration and archbishops declared in lowly accents that the cascade of nonsense was inspired by God.

James welcomed back Charles and Buckingham with transports of delight. "I wear Steenie's picture," wrote the slobbering nondescript, "in a blue ribbon under my waistcoat next my skin." But his days were henceforward to be full of sorrow. It was not possible for him to extinguish his intellect so far as to be, in political matters, Buckingham's unconscious or happy slave. Steenie had made Baby Charles quite his own, and they were in a league to keep James in the dark. Their plan was never to let him be for five minutes out of sight of one or both of them. But every ambassador of that time who understood his trade was a master in the art of intrigue; and Marquis Ynoiosa and Don Carlos Caloma, the king of Spain's head men in England, contrived to reach the ear of James. Three months long they had watched for an opportunity, baffled by the vigilant favourite and the cunning prince. At last Caloma managed to engage the attention of Charles and Buckingham in one part of a room while Ynoiosa slipped a note into James's hand, with a glance doubtless that it was to be put into his pocket. The

Prince and Buckingham were told that afternoon that, on account of a bitter cold and rheum, the King would be confined to his chamber, and could not see them. In the evening Carendolet, secretary to the Spanish Legation, was introduced into James's room, and assured him that he, James, was surrounded by spies and informers, that no one dared to do his commands or to tender to him advice, except by the permission of Buckingham; in one word, that Buckingham was king. James promised secrecy, and next day, when Charles and the duke met him as he drove in his coach, he took in his son but shut the door against the favourite. His Majesty had escaped, then? Not he. The Bishop of Lincoln, shifty, eloquent Welsh Williams, — indefatigable in the pursuit of useful knowledge and alert to make the most of both worlds, — had Carendolet's mistress in his pay. The secretary told the mistress, and the mistress told the bishop, and the bishop told the prince, and the prince told Buckingham, and James was recalled to a sense of the difficulty of emancipating himself from the yoke of his poor slave and dog by an ironically sympathetic question from said slave as to that rheum with which he had been troubled the other evening.

For intrigue was one of the arts carried to a high state of perfection in that religious age. The meshwork in which it encircled personages of importance was complicated in its ramifications and fine in its threads. A clever ambassador, a Bristol for instance, would be better served by the body-guards of the Spanish king than the Spanish king himself, would have keys that could open Philip's most secret cabinets, and would boast that he could furnish James with copies of documents before they were read by Philip in council. The most fervently pious men, the Puritan Cromwell for example, would have no misgiving as to the maxim, *licet uti altero peccato*, would dispense the necessary pieces of silver to the domestic Judas, and would leave the conscientious question to the latter. Under these circumstances, a liberal-minded Charles II., conning the lessons of adversity in threadbare coat in Holland, would testify his filial affection by having Dr. Dorislaus, who had taken part in the trial of his father, assassinated. And so the endless tragi-comedy, act after act, went on, and the whirligig of time kept moving, and at length a free press and Baron Reuter began to manage the intelligence depart-

ment for irresistible opinion, without, it may be hoped, much need of liars, assassins, and traitors, and surely, with comparative advantage to all parties.

James had not succeeded in breaking the yoke of Buckingham, but it galled him to the quick. The Earl of Bristol, eclipsed and supplanted by the duke, had returned from Spain, and a persuasion had gradually diffused itself that the nation had been misled as to the causes of the failure of the Spanish-match project. Having nursed that project as a pet lamb in his bosom, James learned with feelings which may be imagined that it had been frustrated in mere capricious wilfulness by Buckingham. Knowing how deeply James had valued the Spanish alliance, Bristol doubtless calculated that Charles and the favourite could not permanently hoodwink him, and hoped that the duke would fall and that himself would regain power. He knew that James could not dispense with a favourite, but his notion, strange to say, was that Somerset, a convicted murderer, might return to Court in that capacity. James actually had a secret interview with Somerset. It was believed by close observers at the time that Buckingham held his place by an extremely precarious tenure. The unhappy king was the centre of a coil of inextricable intrigues, Buckingham plotting against Somerset, Bristol plotting against Buckingham, Baby Charles and Steenie plotting against the dear dad and gossip; Spanish interest, French interest of the Court and Richelieu party, French interest of the Huguenot party, interest of the Elector Palatine, interest of the Puritans and patriots of England, all pulling and wrestling and whirling as in delirious dance round James. It was enough to tease a poor old nondescript wise fool to death. Volumes might be written to trace the conflicting influences and describe the warring passions of the scene; but the game would not be worth the candle; and we ought to be thankful that oblivion, which, like death, is often kind, has spread over the whole its pall.

The main historical facts which it is important for us to note are, first, that the Court was steadily growing in unpopularity during the last years of James's reign; and, secondly, that this unpopularity directed itself more against Buckingham and Charles than against the king. The popularity which the duke had earned by bringing back Charles unmarried from Spain was short-lived. It was whispered that, whatever might be

his motives for opposing the Spanish match, they implied no dislike of popery, inasmuch as he had in Spain declared himself prepared to become, if need were, a Papist. He was soon the best-hated man in England, and the prince, intimately associated with him, could not but share his unpopularity. The most important consideration of all, however, to explain the coldness with which the nation regarded Charles's accession to the throne, is that he identified himself more closely than his father with certain theological influences and tendencies, now coming prominently into view, which the majority of the people and of their representatives in Parliament regarded with unmeasured hostility.

We may shut the book of England's history in those years unless we apprehend the interest taken in theological questions. That interest was fervent and universal. Landed proprietors, farmers, shopkeepers, nay, apprentices and farm-labourers cared more about abstract theological propositions than people now care about big loaf or free breakfast table. And, strange as it may seem, it is a fact which will be questioned by no one acquainted with the literature of the period, from the writings of Owen, Baxter, and Milton down to street broadsides and municipal petitions, that the theology which had been embraced with passionate intensity by the great body of the English people, was that which can be briefly and practically described as absorbing, beyond any other theological scheme, the human into the Divine. The fundamental position of Puritan theology was that defined by St. Paul when he represents God as the potter and man as the clay. This will now strike most readers as a doctrine of utter slavishness; but all can understand that, if attainment of infinite benefit and escape from inexpressible calamity were believed to be connected with absolute submission to the Divine will, a resistance proportioned to the strength of this conviction would be presented by those entertaining it to any attempt to prevent them from submitting themselves implicitly to God. It has been demonstrated again and again in history, that under no influence does man become more terrible *as a force* than when he feels himself a mere instrument in the hand of God. Take three historic names, with all they stand for, to prove this fact,—the Hebrew David, Mahomet, Cromwell. The Puritan, ever in the great Taskmaster's eye, penetrated with

the faith that his whole individuality was taken possession of by God, presented a front of fierce opposition to the Papist on the one hand, and to the Arminian on the other. The Papist put the Pope and the Church between the soul and God; the Puritan would hear of no created mediator. The Arminian ventured to assert, from the bosom of the Reformed Church itself, the rights of the human personality; the Puritan recognized essentially but one right, one fate, for the finite being, to be irradiated with God as light, or to be consumed by God as fire. In the history of spiritual civilization and of European progress, Arminius and his followers take an honoured place as daring to stem the current of tendency in their time, and to maintain, with their lives in their hands, that the clay, if it ceases to be clay and becomes human, has a personality not to be extinguished by God himself, a personality involving rights which, if justice admits of any definition whatever, can be pleaded against power even when infinite. But religion, if it has often been expanded and ennobled by an infusion of philosophy, has invariably been thereby weakened as a force; and whatever Arminianism may have done to promote in the largest sense the liberty of the human spirit, it is unquestionable that the cause of practical freedom, as against priest or despot, was in the seventeenth century mainly vindicated by the inexorable determination of the Puritans to be untrammelled in obeying the law of their God. Assailed by the Puritans, the Arminians leant naturally upon the State for protection, and while the historian of philosophy classes them as advocates of freedom, the historian of constitutional liberty must pronounce them politically servile. Moderating their jealousy of the civil power, they moderated also their hatred of the Papacy, and naturally cast in their lot with those Protestants who had least objection to the doctrine, ritual, and episcopal government of the old Church.

If the importance of these statements in relation to the history of England in the first half of the seventeenth century has been appreciated, it will be understood that it was a great point for James, in respect of popularity, that his theology was Puritan, and that it was a strong point against Charles that he allied himself from the first with the Romanizing and Arminian party. James's brain had been taken possession of in his youth by

the Augustinian system of theology as repromulgated by the greater Augustine of Geneva. He came from Scotland sound as a bell on the five points of Calvinism; and so late as 1618 his representatives in the Synod of Dort were instructed to side with the Calvinists. It is indeed true that he much preferred bishops to presbyters, and that the English Puritans gained no favour in his eyes by reminding him of those Caledonian ecclesiastics who, whatever their faults, were never accused of sycophancy. They had told James that he was "Christ's silly vassal," and lectured him and snubbed him without mercy. No doubt they told him also that he was the Lord's anointed, and James had wit enough to extract a good deal out of this. The prophet Samuel, striving to check the monarchical tendencies of the degenerating Jews, warned them that, once their king was anointed, they would be compelled to submit to him however afflictive he might be. James knew he had been anointed, felt that he was afflictive, and asked whether any subject pretending to logic could dispute the duty of submitting to him? The "stubborn kirk" clung to its notions as to the supreme right of the people, and would lend no countenance to despotic theories. It was heaven for James, after having been called a silly vassal by gaunt presbyters in serge, to be told by surpliced prelates that he spake as an angel of God. But so long as his bishops said this, he liked them to be theologically in sympathy with the Reformation, and out of sympathy with the Church of Rome.

While Puritan theology reigned in Court and Church, the Puritan revolution, in so far as it was a religious revolution—and its central force was religious—was impossible. Revolutions are not made by trifles; men do not shed their blood for *tolerabiles ineptia*. Neither the bishops nor the ceremonies would have occasioned civil war, if they had continued to stand for that for which they stood in the days of Elizabeth and in the early days of James. At that time there was no irreconcilable breach between the Church of England and the Scottish Kirk. English archbishops could find admiring audiences north of Tweed, and young Mr. Laud, preaching at Oxford, got himself sharply rebuked by his University superiors for his new-fangled high-Anglican notions, so well fitted to sow dissension between the Church of England and the Reformed

Churches. John Knox, though he refused a bishopric, had been prevented by no scruple of conscience from ministering in an Episcopal church. The symbols about which the Puritans fought had been of comparatively small consequence until they became typical, or were believed to have become typical, of the main issue between Rome and the Reformers. The Church seemed to be once more interposing between God and the soul, and the palladium of Protestantism to be in danger. "Some men," says Hume, "of the greatest parts and most extensive knowledge that the nation at this time produced could not enjoy any peace of mind because obliged to hear prayers offered up to a Divinity by a priest covered with a white linen vestment." As if one should appraise in money worth the thin pole and torn rag around which men bleed in battle, and wonder how they can sell their lives for ninepence!

The man to whom the portentous change which had taken place was chiefly due has been already named. William Laud was about thirty years old when James came to England, but, though he was already possessed with the idea which has given him a place in history, he did not, for many years, occupy a highly important position. His advance was slow but sure. No man ever understood better than he the art of stooping to conquer and cringing to subdue. Bishop Williams, possessed of a random generosity which enabled him to do a kindness to men he despised, held out his hand to Laud and helped the "urchin" to Court. Williams had intrigued boldly and shiftily, as we have seen, for the favour of Buckingham, and had probably reckoned on making the haughty duke his friend; but the brilliant, wily Welshman found himself sharply repelled, while Laud, who seems never to have suggested to Buckingham that he was anything but his, the duke's, humble slave, "became," says Abbott, "the only inward counsellor with Buckingham, sitting with him sometimes privately for whole hours." Laud stepped as softly as an incarnate idea; which, indeed, he was—the Anglican idea in flesh. Consumed by his one passion, he knew no friendship, no mere mundane fidelity or gratitude. He undermined his benefactor Williams, and sent him first to the seclusion of a country diocese and then to the Tower. Buckingham and Charles never imagined that they were being dominated

by Laud, but the influence of the idea stole over them, and for Charles it became an enthusiasm, an inspiration, a doom. Laud, in the cast of his theology, was an Arminian and a Roman. He believed in episcopacy by divine right, in the radical difference between clergy and laity, in the mystic efficacy of sacerdotal functions and sacramental rites. He attached immense importance to the symbolism and ceremonial of worship.

The sagacity which lay, hidden but indestructible, amid heaps of topsy-turvy rubbish behind James's goggle eyes, told him that Laud was dangerous, and Steenie and Baby had a good deal to do before James, the wise man, yielded, and James, the fool, took Laud into comparative favour. It need not be doubted that the ecclesiastic made way considerably with the old king. Buckingham's mother was a Papist; it was arranged that Laud should lay siege to her. He engaged, in her presence, in controversy with Jesuit Fisher, and had an opportunity to display the exquisite advantages of his system; how it had all the attractions of the Church of Rome and none of the drawbacks of the Reformed Churches; how it disallowed the jurisdiction of a foreign ecclesiastic in England, but exalted the native primate and the native king; how it rejected sundry errors of the Romish theology, and yet afforded the stay of Church authority to diffident souls, and priestly succour and absolution to those who trembled at the thought of immediate intercourse with God. Here was a plan for reconciling discrepancies, for solving problems that seemed insoluble! Could James but accept it, he might smite Jack Presbyter hip and thigh, from the Dan of Church government unto the Beersheba of dogma. The lady declared herself converted. It seems probable that, between the date of the Synod of Dort and his death, James learned to look with much less alarm and repugnance on Laud than he had previously done; but the change would not be observed by the body of the people, whereas the devotion of Charles to Laud and Arminianism was undisguised.

Though Bristol, Somerset, Ynoiosa and company were skilful intriguers, and though James was painfully sensible of his enslavement, Buckingham and Charles prevailed, and he never escaped their tutelage. To the last his subjects tolerated him, or more than tolerated him. He got credit for what was good in him, and Buckingham was debited with the

failures of the Government. The national pride was grievously wounded by the disastrous issue of the expedition despatched in 1624 for the recovery of the Palatinate. We may be very sure that both as a man of peace and a wise fool James had in his heart distrusted and disliked the enterprise, and when it failed, this would be remembered. The calamity had been great and ignominious. Twelve thousand foot and two hundred horse, under command of the renowned Count Mansfeldt had embarked. When they reached the French coast, they were not permitted to land. Sailing for Holland, they were there also bidden to stand off. While they tossed on the grey seas that chafe against the Dutch dykes, their provisions began to fail, and the men sickened and died. The English at home shuddered at hideous details of corpses washed ashore and eaten by hogs. Half the army having perished, a landing was effected, but the force was now too weak to accomplish anything decisive. In pacific enterprises into which James really threw his heart, he has been successful. His policy in connection with the "plantation" of Ulster was judicious and public-spirited. There was something about him personally which, in spite of his repulsive characteristics, must have been likable. He was sprightly, fond of anything like a joke, never moody or morose. His verses on the expedition of Buckingham and Charles to Spain are vivacious, and the versifier was fifty-six years old. Far from intelligently or steadily kind-hearted, he was in an extreme degree soft-hearted, and a reputation for soft-heartedness goes far with the crowd. Scott's delineation of him in the "Fortunes of Nigel" is as trustworthy as the best history, and when we leave the garrulous matchmaker over his cock-a-leekie, we feel how impossible it would be to get up indignation against so amiably preposterous a tyrant. We must say, however, that, unless his portrait by Vandyke is a mere lie, he could on some occasions look dignified enough. The Londoners called him old Jemmy, laughed at him, grumbled at him, endured him, and when, in 1625, he died, were inclined to be furious with Buckingham for having, as they imagined, murdered him. The idea is not so extravagantly absurd as it may appear to this generation; it was entertained by clever men at the time, for there were shrewd observers who believed that James would by a des-

perate effort rid himself of the duke, and Buckingham was not a man to be scrupulous in extremity; but we may safely believe that the king had no fouler play than that of being worried to death by vexation and intrigue.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THREE FEATHERS.

CHAPTER X.

THE SNARES OF LONDON.

IF Mr. Harry Trelyon was bent on going to the devil, to use his own phrase, he went a quiet way about it. On the warm and close evening of a summer's day he arrived in London. A red smoke hung about the western sky, over the tops of the houses; the thoroughfares that were in shadow were filled with a pale blue mist; the air was still and stifling — very different from that which came in at night from the sea to the gardens and cottages of Eglosilyan. He drove down through these hot and crowded streets to an hotel near Charing Cross — an old-fashioned little place much frequented by west-country people, who sometimes took rooms there and brought their daughters up for a month or so of the season, at which time no other guests could obtain admission. At ordinary times, however, the place was chiefly tenanted by a few country gentlemen and a clergyman or two, who had small sitting-rooms, in which they dined with their families, and in which they drank a glass of something hot before going to bed at night after coming home from the theatre.

Harry Trelyon was familiar with the place and its ways, and the traditions of his father and grandfather having invariably come to it; and, following in their footsteps, he, too, obtained a private sitting-room as well as a bedroom, and then he ordered dinner. It was not much in the way of a banquet for a young gentleman who was determined to go to the devil. It consisted of a beefsteak and a pint of claret; and it was served in a fairly-sized, old-fashioned, dimly-lit room, the furniture of which was of that very substantial sort that is warranted to look dingy for a couple of generations. He was attended by a very old and shrunken waiter, whose white whiskers were more respectable than his shabby clothes. On his first entrance into the room he had looked at the young man

who, in a rough shooting-suit was stretched out at full length in an easy-chair; and, in answering a question, he had addressed him by his name.

"How do you know my name?" the lad said.

"Ah, sir, there's no mistaking one of your family. I can remember your grandfather, and your uncle, and your father — did you never hear, sir, that I was a witness for your father at the police court?"

"What row was that?" the young gentleman asked, showing his familiarity with the fact that the annals of the Trelyons were of a rather stormy character.

"Why, sir," the old man said, warming up into a little excitement, and unconsciously falling into something like the provincial accent of his youth, "I believe you was in the hotel at the time — yes, as well as I can recollect, you was a little chap then, and had gone to bed. Well, maybe I'm wrong — 'tis a good few years ago. But, anyhow, your father and that good lady your mother, they were acoming home from a theatre; and there was two or three young fellers on the pavement — I was the porter then, sir — and I think that one of 'em called out to the other, 'Well, here's a country beauty,' or some such cheek. But, anyhow, your father, sir, he knocks him aside, and takes his good lady into the door of the hotel, and then they was for follerin' of him, but as soon as she was inside, then he turns, and there was a word or two, and one of 'em he ups with a stick, and says I to myself, 'I can't stand aby and see three or four set on one gentleman;' but lor! sir — well, you wouldn't believe it — but before I could make a step, there was two of 'em lyin' on the pavement — clean, straight down, sir, with their hats running into the street — and the other two making off as fast as they could bolt across the square. Oh, lor, sir, wa'n't it beautiful! And the way as your father turned and says he to me with a laugh like, 'Tomlins,' says he, 'you can give them gentlemen a glass of brandy and water when they ask for it!' And the magistrate, sir, he was a real sensible gentleman, and he give it hot to these fellers, for they began the row, sir, and no mistake; but to see the way they went down — lor, sir, you can't believe it!"

"Oh, can't I, though?" Master Harry said, with a roar of laughter. "Don't you make any mistake. I say, what did you say your name was?"

"My name, sir," said the old man, suddenly sinking from the epic heights, which had lent a sort of inspiration to his face, down to the ordinary chastened and respectful bearing of a waiter, "my name, sir, in the hotel is Charles; but your good father, sir, he knowed my name, which is Tomlins, sir."

"Well, look here, Tomlins," the boy said, "you go and ask the landlady to give you a holiday this evening, and come in and smoke a pipe with me."

"Oh, lor, sir," the old waiter said, aghast at the very notion, "I couldn't do that. It would be as much as my place is worth."

"Oh, never mind your place — I'll get you a better one," the lad said, with a sort of royal carelessness. "I'll get you a place down in Cornwall. You come and help our butler — he's a horrid old fool. When I come of age, I mean to build a house there for myself. No, I think I shall have rooms in London — anyhow, I'll give you 100*l.* a year."

The old man shook his head.

"No, sir, thank you very much, sir. I'm too old to begin again. You want a younger man than me. Beg your pardon, sir, but they're ringing for me."

"Poor old beggar!" said Trelyon to himself, when the waiter had left the room; "I wonder if he's married, and if he's got any kids that one could help. And so he was a witness for my father. Well, he sha'n't suffer for that."

Master Harry finished his steak and his pint of claret; then he lit a cigar, got into a hansom, and drove up to a street in Seven Dials, where he at length discovered a certain shop. The shutters were on the windows, and a stout old lady was taking in from the door the last of the rabbit-hutches and cages that had been out there during the evening.

"You're Mrs. Finch, ain't you?" Trelyon said, making his way into the shop, which was lit inside by a solitary jet of gas.

"Yes, sir," said the woman, looking up at the tall young man in the rough shooting-costume and brown wideawake.

"Well, my name's Trelyon, and I'm come to blow you up. A pretty mess you made of that flamingo for me — why, a bishop in lawn sleeves couldn't have stuffed it worse. Where did you ever see a bird with a neck like a corkscrew? — and when I opened it to put it straight, then I found out all your tricks, Mrs. Finch."

"But you know, sir," said Mrs. Finch, smiling blandly, "it ain't our line of business."

"Well, I'd advise you to get somebody else next time to stuff for you. However, I bear you no malice. You show me what you've got in the way of live stock; and if you take fifty per cent. off your usual prices, I'll let the corkscrew flamingo go."

A minute thereafter he was being conducted down some very dark steps into a subterranean cellar by this stout old woman, who carried a candle in front of him. Their entrance into this large, dismal, and strangely filled place—at the further end of which was a grating looking up to the street—awoke a profound commotion among the animals around. Cocks began to grow, suddenly awakened birds fluttered up and down their cages, parquets and cockatoos opened their sleepy eyes and mechanically repeated "Pretty Poll!" and "Good-night! good-night!" Even the rabbits stared solemnly from behind the bars.

"What have you got there?" said Trelyon to his guide, pointing to a railway milk-can which stood in the corner, nearly filled with earth.

"A mole, sir," said Mrs. Finch; "it is a plaything of one of my boys; but I could let you have it, sir, if you have any curiosity that way."

"Why, bless you, I've had 'em by the dozen. I don't know how many I've let escape into our kitchen-garden, all with a string tied to their leg. Don't they go down a cracker if you let 'em loose for a second! I should say that fellow in there was rather disgusted when he came to the tin, don't you think? Got any cardinals, Mrs. Finch? I lost every one o' them you sent me."

"Dear, dear me!" said Mrs. Finch, showing very great concern.

"Ay, you may well say that. Every one o' them, and about forty more birds besides before I found out what it was—an infernal weasel that had made its way into the rockwork of my aviary, and there he lived at his ease for nearly a fortnight, just killing whatever he chose, and the beggar seemed to have a fancy for the prettiest birds. I had to pull the whole place to pieces before I found him out—and there he was, grinning and snarling in a corner. By Jove! didn't I hit him a whack with a stick I had! There were no more birds for him in this world."

At this moment Mrs. Finch's husband

and two of her small boys came down-stairs; and very soon the conversation on natural history became general, each one anxious to give his experiences of the wonderful things he had observed, even if his travels had carried him no further than Battersea Reaches. Master Harry forgot that he had left a hansom at the door. There was scarcely an animal in this dungeon that he did not examine; and when he suddenly discovered that it was considerably past eleven o'clock, he found himself the owner of about as much property as would have filled two cabs. He went up-stairs, dismissed the hansom, and got a four-wheeler, in which he deposited the various cages, fish-globes, and what not that he had bought; and then he drove off to his hotel, getting all the waiters in the place to assist in carrying these various objects tenderly up-stairs. Thus ended his first evening in London, the chief result of which was that his sitting-room had assumed the appearance of a bird-catcher's window.

Next forenoon he walked up into Hyde Park to have a look at the horses. Among the riders he recognized several people whom he knew—some of them, indeed, related to him—but he was careful to take no notice of them.

"Those women," he said to himself, in a sensible manner, "don't want to recognize a fellow who has a wideawake on. They would do it, though, if you presented yourself; and they would ask you to lunch or to tea in the afternoon. Then you'd find yourself among a lot of girls, all with their young men about them, and the young men would wonder how the dickens you came to be in a shooting-coat in London."

So he pursued his way, and at length found himself in the Zoological Gardens. He sat for nearly an hour staring at the lions and tigers, imagining all sorts of incidents as he looked at their sleepy and cruel eyes, and wondering what one splendid fellow would do if he went down and stroked his nose. He had the satisfaction also of seeing the animals fed, and he went round with the man, and had an interesting conversation with him.

Then he went and had some luncheon himself, and got into talk with the amiable young lady who waited on him, who expressed in generous terms, with a few superfluous *h's*, the pleasure which she derived from going to the theatre.

"Oh, do you like it?" he said carelessly; "I never go. I always fall asleep

—country habits, you know. But you get somebody to go with you, and I'll send you a couple of places for to-morrow night, if you like."

"I think I could get some one to take me," said the young lady, with a pretty little simper.

"Yes, I should think you could," he said, bluntly. "What's your name?"

He wrote it down on one of his own cards, and went his way.

The next place of entertainment he visited was an American bowling-alley in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, a highly respectable place to which gentlemen resorted for the purpose of playing a refined sort of skittles. Master Harry merely wanted to practise, and also to stretch his arms and legs. He had just begun, however, to send the big balls crashing into the pins at the further end of the long alley, when the only visitor in the place—a sailor-looking person, with a red face, who was smoking a very elaborate meerschau—offered to play a game with him.

"All right," said Trelyon.

"For a couple of bob?" says the stranger.

"Do you mean two shillings?" asks the young man, calmly looking down upon the person with the red face; for, of course, Harry Trelyon never used slang.

"Yes," said the other, with much indifference, as he selected one of the balls.

They played a game, and Trelyon won easily. They played another, and again he won. They played a third, and still he won.

"Oh, let's play for a sovereign," said the stranger.

"No," said the young man; "I'm going."

Well, this did not at all seem to suit his opponent, who became rather demonstrative in manner. He did not like gentlemen coming in to win money, without giving a fellow a chance of winning it back. At this, Trelyon turned suddenly—he had not yet put on his coat—and said:

"What do you mean? I won't play any more, but I'll knock the head off you in two minutes, if that'll suit you better."

The gentleman with the red face paused for a minute. He was evidently in a nasty temper. He looked at the build of the young man; he also observed that one of the assistants was drawing near; and still he said nothing. Whereupon Master Harry quietly put on his coat, lit

a cigar, gave a friendly nod to his late opponent, and walked out.

In this wise he lounged about London for a day or two, looking in at Tattersall's, examining 'new breechloaders in shops in St. James's Street, purchasing ingenuities in fishing-tackle, and very frequently feeding the ducks in the Serpentine with bread bought of the boys standing round. It was not a very lively sort of existence, he found. Colonel Ransome had left for Scotland on the very day before his arrival in London, so that peaceable and orderly means of getting that dowry for Wenna Rosewarne were not at hand; and Master Harry, though he was enough of a devil-may-care, had no intention of going to the Jews for the money until he was driven to that. Colonel Ransome, moreover, had left his constituents unrepresented in the House during the last few days of the session, and had quietly gone off to Scotland for the 12th, so that it was impossible to say when he might return. Meanwhile, young Trelyon made the acquaintance of whatever birds, beasts, and fishes he could find in London, until he got a little tired.

All of a sudden it struck him one evening, as a happy relief, that he would sit down and write to Wenna Rosewarne. He ordered in pens, ink, and paper with much solemnity; and then he said to the old waiter—

"Tomlins, how do you spell 'retriever'?"

"I ain't quite sure, sir," Tomlins said.

Whereupon Master Harry had to begin and compose that letter which we have already read, but which cost him an amount of labour not visible in the lines as they stand. He threw away a dozen sheets of paper before he even mastered a beginning; and it was certainly an hour and a half before he had produced a copy which more or less satisfied him. Mr. Roscorla noticed at once the pains he had taken with the writing.

Then in due course came the answer; and Master Harry paused with much satisfaction to look at the pretty handwriting on the envelope—he did not often get letters from young ladies. The contents, however, did not please him quite so much. They were these:—

"Eglosilyan, August 3, 18—

"DEAR MR. TRELYON,—Thank you very much for giving me your beautiful dog. I shall take great care of him, and if you want him for the shooting you can

have him at any time. But I am surprised you should write to me when I hear that you have not written to your own relatives, and that they do not even know where you are. I cannot understand how you should be so careless of the feelings of others. I am sure it is thoughtlessness rather than selfishness on your part; but I hope you will write to them at once. Mr. Barnes has just called, and I have given him your address.

"I am, yours sincerely,
"WENNA ROSEWARNE."

Harry Trelyon was at once vexed and pleased by this letter; probably more vexed than pleased, for he threw it impatiently on the table, and said to himself, "She's always reading lectures to people, and always making a fuss of nothing. She was meant for a Puritan — she should have gone out in the *Mayfly* to America."

Mayfly for Mayflower was perhaps a natural mistake for a trout-fisher to make; but Master Harry was unaware of it. He passed on to more gloomy fancies. What was this parson about that he should come enquiring for his address of Wenna Rosewarne? How had he found out that she knew it?

"Come," said he to himself, "this won't do. I must go down to Cornwall. And if there are any spies pushing their noses into my affairs, let 'em look out for a tweak, that's all!"

CHAPTER XL

THE TWO PICTURES.

"OH, Mabyn," Wenna called out in despair, "you will have all my hair down. Have you gone quite mad?"

"Yes, quite," the younger sister said, with a wild enjoyment in her eyes. "Oh, Wenna, he's gone, he's gone, and he's gone to get you an emerald ring! Don't you know, you poor silly thing, that green's forsaken, and yellow's fore-sworn?"

"Well, Mabyn," the elder sister said, laughing in spite of herself, "you are the wickedest girl I ever heard of, and I wonder I am not angry with you."

At this moment they were returning to Eglosilyan along the Launceston highway; and far away behind them, on the road that crosses the bleak and lofty moors, the dog-cart was faintly visible which was taking Mr. Roscorla on his first stage towards London. He had driven the two sisters out for about a

mile, and now they were going back; and Mabyn was almost beside herself with delight that he was gone, and that her sister had shown no great grief at his going. Their parting, indeed, had been of a most unromantic kind, much to the relief of both. Mr. Roscorla was rather late; and Wenna devoted her last words to impressing on him that he must have something to eat in Launceston before going down to the Plymouth train. Then she bade him make haste, and said goodbye with a kindly smile on her face, and away he went.

"Mabyn," she said in a mysterious voice, which stopped her sister's pulling her about, "do you think — now do you really think — Mr. Pavy would lend us his boat?"

"Oh, Wenna," the other one cried, "do let us have the boat out! Do you know that the whole air seems clear and light since Mr. Roscorla has gone? I should like to thank everybody in the world for being so kind as to take him away. Wenna, I'll run you to Basset Cottage for half a crown!"

"You!" said the elder sister, with great contempt. "I'll run you to the mill for a hundred thousand pounds."

"No, Wenna — Basset Cottage, if you like," said Mabyn, sturdily; and with that both the girls set out, with their heads down, in a business-like fashion that showed there was very little the matter with their lungs.

"Oh, Mabyn!" said Wenna, suddenly; and then both of them found that they had very nearly run into the arms of a clergyman — an elderly, white-haired, amiable-looking gentleman, who was rather slowly toiling up the hill. Mabyn looked frightened, and then laughed; but Wenna, with her cheeks very red, went forward and shook hands with him.

"Well, girls," he said, "you needn't stop running for me — a capital exercise, a capital exercise, that young ladies in town don't have much of. And as for you, Wenna, you've plenty of work of a sedentary nature, you know — nothing better than a good race, nothing better."

"And how is your little granddaughter this morning, Mr. Trewbella?" said Wenna, gently, with her cheeks still flushed with the running.

"Ah! well, poor child, she is much about the same; but the pincushion is nearly finished now, and your name is on it in silver beads, and you are to come and have tea with her as soon as you can, that she may give it to you. Dear, dear!

she was asking her mother yesterday whether the beads would carry all her love to you, for she did not think it possible herself. Well, good-bye, girls ; don't you be ashamed of having a race together," with which the kindly-faced clergyman resumed his task of ascending the hill, and the two girls, abandoning their racing, walked quickly down to the harbour, to see if they could persuade the silent and surly Mr. Pavy to let them have his boat.

Meanwhile Mr. Roscorla drove along the silent highway in George Rosewarne's dog-cart, and in due time he reached Launceston, and took the train for Plymouth. He stayed in Plymouth that night, having some business to do there ; and next morning he found himself in the "Flying Dutchman," tearing along the iron rails towards London.

Now it was a fixed habit of Mr. Roscorla to try to get as near as possible to a clear and definite understanding of his relations with the people and things around him. He did not wish to have anything left vague and nebulous, even as regarded a mere sentiment ; and as this was the first time he had got clear away from Eglosilyan and the life there since the beginning of his engagement, he calmly set about defining the position in which he stood with regard to Wenna Rosewarne.

There were a few unsatisfactory matters to dispose of. In the first place, he was conscious of a little hypocrisy in his bearing towards her ; and he would not have minded the hypocrisy — for he did not believe that anybody was quite honest — but that the necessity for it made him impatient. Besides, might she not reproach him afterwards when she found it out, and consider herself aggrieved, and grow sulky ?

But the chief matter for discontent that he had was the probable wonder of the world over the fact that he meant to marry an innkeeper's daughter. All the world could not know the sufficient reasons he had advanced to himself for that step ; nor could they know of the very gradual way in which he had approached it. Every one would consider it as an abrupt and ludicrous act of folly ; his very kindest friends would call it an odd freak of romance. Now Mr. Roscorla felt that at his time of life to be accused of romance was to be accused of silliness ; and he resolved that, whenever he had a chance, he would let the people know that his choice of Wenna Rosewarne

was dictated by the most simple and commonplace arguments of prudence, such as would govern the conduct of any sane man.

He resolved, too, that he would clearly impress on Harry Trelyon — whom he expected to see at Nolans's — that this project of marriage with Miss Rosewarne was precisely what a man of the world placed in his position would entertain. He did not wholly like Master Harry. There was an ostentatious air of youth about the young man. There was a bluntness in his speech, too, that transgressed the limits of courtesy. Nor did he quite admire the off-handed fashion in which Harry Trelyon talked to the Rosewarne, and more especially to the girls ; he wished Miss Wenna Rosewarne, at least, to be treated with a little more formality and respect. At the same time he would endeavour to remain good friends with this ill-mannered boy, for reasons to be made apparent.

When he arrived at Nolans's Hotel, he took a bedroom there, and then sent in a card to Harry Trelyon. He found that young gentleman up on a chair, trying to catch a Virginian nightingale that had escaped from one of the cages ; and he nearly stumbled over a tame hedgehog that ran pattering over the carpet, because his attention was drawn to a couple of very long-eared rabbits sitting in an easy-chair. Master Harry paid no attention to him until the bird was caught ; then he came down, shook hands with him carelessly, and said —

"How odd you should stumble in here ! Or did Wenna Rosewarne tell you I was at Nolans's ?"

"Yes, Miss Rosewarne did," said Mr. Roscorla. "You have quite a menagerie here. Do you dine here or down-stairs ?"

"Oh ! here, of course."

"I thought you might come and dine with me this evening at my club. Five minutes' walk from here you know. Will you ?"

"Yes, I will, if you don't mind this elegant costume."

Mr. Roscorla was precisely the person to mind the dress of a man whom he was taking into his club ; but he was very well aware that, whatever dress young Trelyon wore, no one could mistake him for anything else than a gentleman. He was not at all averse to be seen with Master Harry in this rough costume ; he merely suggested with a smile that a few feathers and bits of thread might be removed ; and then, in the quiet summer evening,

they went outside and walked westward.

"Now this is the time," Mr. Roscorla said, "when Pall Mall looks interesting to me. There is a sort of quiet and strong excitement about it. All that smoke there over the club chimneys tells of the cooking going forward; and you will find old boys having a sly look in at the dining-room to see that their tables are all right; and then friends come in, and smooth out their white ties, and have a drop of sherry and Angostura bitters while they wait. All this district is full of a silent satisfaction and hope just now. But I can't get you a good dinner, Trel-yon; you'll have to take your chance, you know. I have got out of the ways of the club now; I don't know what they can do."

"Well, I'm not nasty partickler," Trel-yon said, which was true. "But what has brought you up to London?"

"Well, I'll tell you. It's rather an awkward business one way. I have got a share in some sugar and coffee plantations in Jamaica—I think you know that—and you are aware that the emancipation of the niggers simply cut the throat of the estates there. The beggars won't work; and lots of the plantations have been going down and down, or rather back and back into the original wilderness. Well, my partners here see no way out of it but one—to import labour, have the plantations thoroughly overhauled and set in good working order. But that wants money. They have got money—I haven't; and so, to tell you the truth, I am at my wits' end as to how to raise a few thousands to join them in the undertaking."

This piece of intelligence rather startled Harry Trel-yon. He instantly recalled the project which had brought himself to London, and asked himself whether he was prepared to give the sum of 5,000*l.* to Wenna Rosewarne merely that it should be transferred by her to her husband, who would forthwith embark in speculation with it. Well, he was not prepared to do that off-hand.

They went into the club, which was near the corner of St. James's Street, and Mr. Roscorla ordered a quiet little dinner, the *menu* of which was constructed with a neatness and skill altogether thrown away on his guest. In due time Master Harry sat down at the small table, and accepted with much indifference the delicacies which his companion had prepared for him. But all the same he enjoyed his

dinner—particularly a draught of ale he had with his cheese; after which the two strangers went up to a quiet corner in the smoking-room, lay down in a couple of big easy-chairs, and lit their cigars. During dinner their talk had mostly been about shooting, varied with anecdotes which Mr. Roscorla told of men about town.

Now, however, Mr. Roscorla became more communicative about his own affairs; and it seemed to Trel-yon that these were rather in a bad way. And it also occurred to him that there was perhaps a little meanness in his readiness to give 5,000*l.* direct to Wenna Rosewarne, and in his disinclination to lead the same sum to her future husband, whose interests of course would be hers.

"Look here, Roscorla," he said. "Honour bright, do you think you can make anything out of this scheme; or is the place like one of those beastly old mines in which you throw good money after bad?"

Roscorla answered, honestly enough—but with perhaps a trifle unnecessary emphasis, when he saw that the young man was inclined to accept the hint—that he believed the project to be a sound one; that his partners were putting far more money into it than he would; that the merchants who were his agents in London knew the property and approved of the scheme; and that, if he could raise the money, he would himself go out, in a few months' time, to see the thing properly started.

He did not press the matter further than that for the present; and so their talk drifted away into other channels, until it found its way back to Eglosilyan, to the Rosewarne, and to Wenna. That is to say, Mr. Roscorla spoke of Wenna; Trel-yon was generally silent on that one point.

"You must not imagine," Roscorla said, with a smile, "that I took this step without much deliberation."

"So did she, I suppose," Trel-yon said, rather coldly.

"Well, yes. Doubtless. But I dare say many people will think it rather strange that I should marry an inn-keeper's daughter—they will think I have been struck with a sudden fit of idiotic romance."

"Oh no, I don't think so," the lad said, with nothing visible in his face to tell whether he was guilty of a mere blunder or of intentional impertinence. "Many elderly gentlemen marry their house-

keepers, and in most cases wisely as far as I have seen."

"Oh! but that is another thing," Roscorla said, with his face flushing slightly, and inclined to be ill-tempered. "There is a great difference: I am not old enough to want a nurse yet. I have chosen Miss Rosewarne because she is possessed of certain qualities calculated to make her an agreeable companion for a man like myself. I have done it quite deliberately and with my eyes open. I am not blinded by the vanity that makes a boy insist on having a particular girl become his wife because she has a pretty face and he wants to show her to his friends."

"And yet there is not much the matter with Wenna Rosewarne's face," said Trelyon, with the least suggestion of sarcasm.

"Oh! as for that," Roscorla said, "that does not concern a man who looks at life from my point of view. Certainly, there are plainer faces than Miss Rosewarne's. She has good eyes and teeth; and besides that she has a good figure, you know."

Both these men, as they lay idling in this smoking-room, were now thinking of Wenna Rosewarne, and indolently and inadvertently forming some picture of her in their minds. Of the two, that of Mr. Roscorla was by far the more accurate. He could have described every lineament of her face and every article of her dress, as she appeared to him on bidding him good-bye the day before on the Launceston highway. The dress was a soft light-brown, touched here and there with deep and rich cherry colour. Her face was turned sideways to him, and looking up; the lips partly open with a friendly smile, and showing beautiful teeth; the earnest dark eyes filled with a kindly regard; the eyebrows high, so that they gave a timid and wondering look to the face; the forehead low and sweet, with some loose brown hair about it that the wind stirred. He knew every feature of that face and every varying look of the eyes, whether they were pleased and grateful, or sad and distant, or overbrimming with a humorous and malicious fun. He knew the shape of her hands, the graceful poise of her waist and neck, the very way she put down her foot in walking. He was thoroughly well aware of the appearance which the girl he meant to marry presented to the unbiassed eyes of the world.

Harry Trelyon's mental picture of her

was far more vague and unsatisfactory. Driven into a corner, he would have admitted to you that Wenna Rosewarne was not very good-looking; but that would not have affected his fixed and private belief that he knew no woman who had so beautiful and tender a face. For somehow, when he thought of her, he seemed to see her, as he had often seen her, go by him on a summer morning on her way to church; and as the sweet small Puritan would turn to him, and say in her gentle way, "Good morning, Mr. Trelyon," he would feel vexed and ashamed that he had been found with a gun in his hand, and be inclined to heave it into the nearest ditch. Then she would go on her way, along between the green hedges, in the summer light; and the look of her face that remained in his memory was as the look of an angel, calm, and sweet, and never to be forgotten.

"Of course," said Mr. Roscorla in this smoking-room, "if I go to Jamaica, I must get married before I start."

From The Cornhill Magazine.

CRABBE'S POETRY.

It is nearly a century since George Crabbe, then a young man of five and twenty, put three pounds in his pocket and started from his native town of Aldborough with a box of clothes and a case of surgical instruments to make his fortune in London. Few men have attempted that adventure with less promising prospects. Any sensible adviser would have told him to prefer starvation in his native village to starvation in the back lanes of London. The adviser would, perhaps, have been vexed, but would not have been confuted by Crabbe's good fortune. We should still recommend a youth not to jump into a river, though, of a thousand who try the experiment one may happen to be rescued by a benevolent millionaire, and be put in the road to fortune. The chances against Crabbe were enormous. Literature, considered as a trade, is a good deal better at the present day than it was towards the end of the last century, and yet any one who has an opportunity of comparing the failures to the successes, would be more apt to quote Chatterton than Crabbe as a precedent for youthful aspirants. Crabbe, indeed, might say for himself that literature was the only path open to him. His

father was collector of salt duties at Aldborough, a position, as one may imagine, of no very great emolument. He had, however, given his son the chance of acquiring a smattering of "scholarship," in the sense in which that word is used by the less educated lower classes. To the slender store of learning acquired in a cheap country school, the lad managed to add such medical training as could be picked up during an apprenticeship in an apothecary's shop. With this provision of knowledge he tried to obtain practice in his native town. He failed to get any patients of the paying variety. Crabbe was clumsy and absent-minded to the end of his life. He had, moreover, a taste for botany, and the shrewd inhabitants of Aldborough, with that perverse tendency to draw inferences which is characteristic of people who cannot reason, argued that as he picked up his samples in the ditches he ought to sell the medicines presumably compounded from them for nothing. In one way or other, poor Crabbe had sunk to the verge of distress. Of course, under these circumstances, he had fallen in love and engaged himself at the age of eighteen to a young lady, apparently as poor as himself. Of course, too, he called Miss Elmy "Mira," and addressed her in verses which occasionally appeared in the poet's corner of a certain *Whistle's Magazine*. "My Mira," said the young surgeon in a style which must have been rather antiquated even in Aldborough —

My Mira, shepherds, is as fair
As sylvan nymphs who haunt the vale;
As sylphs who dwell in purest air,
As fays who skim the dusky dale.

Moreover, he won a prize for a poem on Hope, and composed an "Allegorical Fable" and a piece called "The Atheist Reclaimed;" and, in short, added plentifully to the vast rubbish-heap of old-world verses, now decayed beyond the industry of the most persevering of Dryasdusts. Nay, he even succeeded by some mysterious means in getting one of his poems published separately. It was called "Inebriety," and was an imitation of Pope. Here is a couplet by way of sample:—

Champagne the courtier drinks the spleen to
chase,
The colonel Burgundy and Port his Grace.

From the satirical the poet diverges into the mock heroic:

See Inebriety! her wand she waves,
And lo! her pale, and lo! her purple slaves.

The interstices of the box of clothing which went with him from Aldborough to London were doubtless crammed with much waste paper scribbled over with these feeble echoes of Pope's Satires, and with appeals to nymphs, muses, and shepherds. Crabbe was one of those men who are born a generation after their natural epoch, and was as little accessible to the change of fashion in poetry as in costume. When, therefore, he finally resolved to hazard his own fate and Mira's upon the results of his London adventure, the literary goods at his disposal were already somewhat musty in character. The year 1780, in which he reached London, marks the very nadir of English poetry. From the days of Elizabeth to our own there has never been so absolutely barren a period. People had become fairly tired of the jingle of Pope's imitators, and the new era had not dawned. Goldsmith and Gray, both recently dead, serve to illustrate the condition in which the most exquisite polish and refinement of language has been developed until there is a danger of sterility. The "Elegy" and the "Deserted Village" are inimitable poems: but we feel that the intellectual fibre of the poets has become dangerously delicate. The critical faculty could not be stimulated further without destroying all spontaneous impulse. The reaction to a more masculine and passionate school was imminent; and if the excellent Crabbe could have put into his box a few of Burns's lyrics, or even a copy of Cowper's "Task," one might have augured better for his prospects. But what chance was there for a man who could still be contentedly invoking the muse and stringing together mechanic echoes of Po.e's couplets? How could he expect to charm the jaded faculties of a generation which was already beginning to heave and stir with a longing for some fresh excitement? For a year the fate which has overtaken so many rash literary adventurers seemed to be approaching steadily. One temporary gleam of good fortune cheered him for a time. He persuaded an enterprising publisher to bring out a poem called "The Candidate," which had some faint success, though ridiculed by the reviewers. Unluckily the publisher became bankrupt and Crabbe was thrown upon his resources — the poor three pounds and box of

surgical instruments aforesaid. How he managed to hold out for a year is a mystery. It was lucky for him, as he intimates, that he had never heard of the fate of Chatterton, who had poisoned himself just ten years before. A Journal which he wrote for Mira is published in his *Life*, and gives an account of his feelings during three months of his cruel probation. He applies for a situation as amanuensis offered in an advertisement, and comforts himself on failing with the reflection that the advertiser was probably a sharper. He writes piteous letters to publishers and gets, of course, the stereotyped reply with which the most amiable of publishers must damp the ardour of aspiring genius. The disappointment is not much softened by the publisher's statement that "he does not mean by this to insinuate any want of merit in the poem, but rather a want of attention in the public." Bit by bit his surgical instruments go to the pawnbroker. When one publisher sends his polite refusal poor Crabbe has only sixpence farthing in the world, which, by the purchase of a pint of porter, is reduced to fourpence halfpenny. The exchequer fills again by the disappearance of his wardrobe and his watch; but ebbs under a new temptation. He buys some odd volumes of Dryden for three-and-sixpence, and on coming home tears his only coat, which he manages to patch tolerably with a borrowed needle and thread, pretending, with a pathetic shift, that they are required to stitch together manuscripts instead of broadcloth. And so for a year the wolf creeps nearer to the door, whilst Crabbe gallantly keeps up appearances and spirits. And yet he tries to preserve a show of good spirits in the *Journal* to Mira, and continues to labour at his versemaking. Perhaps, indeed, it may be regarded as a bad symptom that he is reduced to distracting his mind by making an analysis of a dull sermon. "There is nothing particular in it," he admits, but at least it is better, he thinks, to listen to a bad sermon than to the blasphemous rant of deistical societies. Indeed, Crabbe's spirit was totally unlike the desperate pride of Chatterton. He was of the patient enduring tribe, and comforts himself by religious meditations, which are, perhaps, rather commonplace in expression, but when read by the light of the distresses he was enduring, show a brave and unembittered spirit, not to be easily respected too highly. Starvation seemed

to be approaching; or, at least, the only alternative was the abandonment of his ambition, and acceptance, if he could get it, of the post of druggist's assistant. He had but one resource left; and that not of the most promising kind. Crabbe, amongst his other old-fashioned notions, had a strong belief in the traditional patron. Johnson might have given him some hints upon the subject; but luckily, as it turned out, he pursued what Chesterfield's correspondent would have thought the most hopeless of all courses. He wrote to Lord North, who was at that moment occupied in contemplating the final results of the ingenious policy by which America was lost to England, and probably consigned Crabbe's letter to the waste-paper basket. Then he tried the effect of a copy of verses, beginning —

Ah! Shelburne, blest with all that's good or great,
T' adorn a rich or save a sinking State.

He added a letter saying that as Lord North had not answered him, Lord Shelburne would probably be glad to supply the needs of a starving apothecary turned poet. Another copy of verses was enclosed, pointing out that Shelburne's reputed liberality would be repaid in the usual coin:

Then shall my grateful strains his ear rejoice,
His name harmonious thrill'd on Mira's voice;
Round the reviving bays new sweets shall spring,
And Shelburne's fame through laughing valleys ring!

Nobody can blame North and Shelburne for not acting the part of good Samaritans. He, at least, may throw the first stone who has always taken the trouble to sift the grain from the chaff amidst all the begging letters which he has received, and who has never lamented that his benevolence outran his discretion. But there was one man in England at the time who had the rare union of qualities necessary for Crabbe's purpose. Burke is a name never to be mentioned without reverence; not only because Burke was incomparably the greatest of all English political writers, and a standing refutation of the theory which couples rhetorical excellence with intellectual emptiness, but also because he was a man whose glowing hatred of all injustice and sympathy for all suffering never evaporated in empty words. His fine literary perception enabled him to detect the genuine excellence which underlay the superficial

triviality of Crabbe's verses. He discovered the genius where men like North and Shelburne might excusably see nothing but the mendicant versifier; and a benevolence still rarer than his critical ability forbade him to satisfy his conscience by the sacrifice of a five-pound note. When, by the one happy thought of his life, Crabbe appealed to Burke's sympathy, the poet was desperately endeavouring to get a poem through the press. But he owed fourteen pounds, and every application to friends as poor as himself, and to patrons upon whom he had no claims, had been unsuccessful. Nothing but ruin was before him. After writing to Burke he spent the night in pacing Westminster Bridge. The letter on which his fate hung is the more pathetic because it is free from those questionable poetical flourishes which had failed to conciliate his former patrons. It tells his story frankly and forcibly. Burke, however, was not a rich man, and was at one of the most exciting periods of his political career. His party was at last fighting its way to power by means of the general resentment against the gross mismanagement of their antagonists. A perfunctory discharge of the duty of charity would have been pardonable; but from the moment when Crabbe addressed Burke the poor man's fortune was made. Burke's glory rests upon services of much more importance to the world at large than even the preservation to the country of a man of genuine power. Yet there are few actions on which he could reflect with more unalloyed satisfaction; and the case is not a solitary one in Burke's history. A political triumph may often be only hastened a year or two by the efforts of even a great leader; but the salvage of a genius which would otherwise have been hopelessly wrecked in the deep waters of poverty is so much clear gain to mankind. One circumstance may be added as oddly characteristic of Crabbe. He always spoke of his benefactor with becoming gratitude; and many years afterwards Moore and Rogers thought that they might extract some interesting anecdotes of the great author from the now celebrated poet. Burke, as we know, was a man whom you would discover to be remarkable if you stood with him for five minutes under a haystack in a shower. Crabbe stayed in his house for months under circumstances most calculated to be impressive. Burke was at the height of his power and reputation; he was the first man of any distinction whom the

poet had ever seen; the two men had long and intimate conversations, and Crabbe, it may be added, was a very keen observer of character. And yet all that Rogers and Moore could extract from him was a few "vague generalities." Moore suggests some explanation; but the fact seems to be that Crabbe was one of those simple, homespun characters whose interests were strictly limited to his own peculiar sphere. Burke, when he pleased, could talk of oxen as well as of politics, and doubtless adapted his conversation to the taste of the young poet. Probably, much more was said about the state of Burke's farm than about the prospects of the Whig party. Crabbe's powers of vision were as limited as they were keen, and the great qualities to which Burke owed his reputation could only exhibit themselves in a sphere to which Crabbe never rose. His attempt to draw a likeness of Burke under the name of "Eugenius," in the "Borough," is open to the objection that it would be nearly as applicable to Wilberforce, Howard, or Dr. Johnson. It is a mere complimentary daub, in which every remarkable feature of the original is blurred or altogether omitted.

The inward Crabbe remained to the end of his days what nature and education had already made him; the outward Crabbe, by the help of Burke, rapidly put on a more prosperous appearance. His poems were published and achieved success. He took orders and found patrons. Thurlow gave him 100*l.*, and afterwards presented him to two small livings, growling out with an oath that he was "as like Parson Adams as twelve to a dozen." The Duke of Rutland appointed him chaplain, a position in which he seems to have been singularly out of his element. Further patronage, however, made him independent, and he married his Mira and lived very happily ever afterwards. Perhaps, with his old-fashioned ideas, he would not quite have satisfied some clerical critics of the present day. His views about non-residence and pluralities seem to have been lax for a time; and his hearty dislike for dissent was coupled with a general dislike for enthusiasm of all kinds. He liked to ramble about after flowers and fossils, and to hammer away at his poems in a study where chaos reigned supreme. For twenty-two years after his first success as an author, he never managed to get a poem into a state fit for publication, though periodical conflagrations of mass-

es of manuscript — too vast to be burnt in the chimney — testified to his continuous industry. His reappearance seems to have been caused chiefly by his desire to send a son to the University. His success was repeated, though a new school had arisen which knew not Pope. The youth who had been kindly received by Burke, Reynolds, and Johnson, came back from his country retreat to be lionized at Holland House, and be petted by Brougham and Moore, and Rogers, and Campbell, and all the rising luminaries. He paid a visit to Scott contemporaneously with George IV., and pottered about the queer old wynds and closes of Edinburgh, which he preferred to the New Town, and apparently to Arthur's Seat, with a judicious *caddie* following to keep him out of mischief. A more tangible kind of homage was the receipt of 3,000*l.* from Murray for his *Tales of the Hall*, which so delighted him that he insisted on carrying the bills loose in his pocket till he could show them "to his son John" in the country. There, no doubt, he was most at home; and his parishioners gradually became attached to their "Parson Adams," in spite of his quaintnesses and some manifold defiance of their prejudices. All women and children loved him, and he died at a good old age in 1832, having lived into a new order in many things, and been as little affected by the change as most men. The words with which he concludes the sketch of the Vicar in his "Borough" are not inappropriate to himself: —

Nor one so old has left this world of sin
More like the being that he entered in.

The peculiar homeliness of Crabbe's character and poetry is excellently hit off in the *Rejected Addresses*, and the lines beginning

John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire,

are probably more familiar to the present generation than any of the originals. "Pope in worsted stockings" is the title hit off for him by Horace Smith, and has about the same degree of truth as most smart sayings of the kind. The "worsted stockings" at least are characteristic. Crabbe's son and biographer indicates some of the surroundings of his father's early life in a description of the uncle, a Mr. Tovell, with whom the poet's wife, the Mira of his *Journal*, passed her youth. He was a sturdy yeoman, living

in an old house with a moat, a rookery, and fish-ponds. The hall was paved with black and white marble, and the staircase was of black oak, slippery as ice, with a chiming clock and a barrel-organ on the landing-places. The handsome drawing-room and dining-rooms were only used on grand occasions, such as the visit of a neighbouring peer. Mrs. Tovell jealously reserved for herself the duty of scrubbing these state apartments, and sent any servant to the right-about who dared to lay unhallowed hands upon them. The family sat habitually in the old-fashioned kitchen, by a huge open chimney, where the blaze of a whole pollard sometimes eclipsed the feeble glimmer of the single candle in an iron candlestick, intended to illuminate Mrs. Tovell's labours with the needle. Masters and servants, with any travelling tinker or ratcatcher, all dined together, and the nature of their meals has been described by Crabbe himself:

But when the men beside their station took,
The maidens with them, and with these the cook;

When one huge wooden bowl before them stood,

Fill'd with huge balls of farinaceous food;
With bacon, mass saline, where never lean
Beneath the brown and bristly rind was seen;
When from a single horn the party drew
Their copious draughts of heavy ale and new;

then, the poet goes on to intimate, squeamish persons might feel a little uncomfortable. After dinner followed a nap of precisely one hour. Then bottles appeared on the table, and neighbouring farmers, with faces rosy with brandy, drifted in for a chat. One of these heroes never went to bed sober, but scandalized all teetotalers by retaining all his powers and coursing after he was ninety. Bowl after bowl of punch was emptied, and the conversation took so convivial a character that Crabbe generally found it expedient to withdraw, though his son, who records these performances, was held to be too young to be injured, and the servants were too familiar for their presence to be a restraint.

It was in this household that the poet found his Mira. Crabbe's own father was apparently at a lower point of the social scale; and during his later years took to drinking and to flinging dishes about the room whenever he was out of temper. Crabbe always drew from the life; most of his characters might have joined in his father's drinking bout, or

told stories over Mr. Tovell's punch-bowls. Doubtless a social order of the same kind survived till a later period in various corners of the island. The Tovells of to-day get their fashions from London, and their labourers, instead of dining with them in their kitchen, have taken to forming unions and making speeches about their rights. If, here and there, in some remote nooks we find an approximation to the coarse, hearty, patriarchal mode of life, we regard it as a naturalist regards a puny modern reptile, the representative of gigantic lizards of old geological epochs. A sketch or two of its peculiarities, sufficiently softened and idealized to suit modern tastes, forms a picturesque background to a modern picture. Some of Miss Brontë's rough Yorkshiremen would have drunk punch with Mr. Tovell; and the farmers in the *Mill on the Floss* are representatives of the same race, slightly degenerate, in so far as they are just conscious that a new cause of disturbance is setting into the quiet rural districts. Dandie Dinmont again is a relation of Crabbe's heroes, though the fresh air of the Cheviots and the stirring traditions of the old border life have conferred upon him a more practical colouring. To get a realistic picture of country life as Crabbe saw it, we must go back to Squire Western or to some of the roughly hewn masses of flesh who sat to Hogarth. Perhaps it may be said that Miss Austen's exquisite pictures of the more polished society, which took the waters of Bath, and occasionally paid a visit to London, implies a background of coarser manners and more brutal passions, which lay outside her peculiar province. The question naturally occurs to social philosophers, whether the improvement in the external decencies of life and the wider intellectual horizon of modern days implies a genuine advance over the rude and homely plenty of an earlier generation. I refer to such problems only to remark that Crabbe must be consulted by those who wish to look upon the seamy side of the time which he describes. He very soon dropped his nymphs and shepherds, and ceased to invoke the idyllic muse. In his long portrait-gallery there are plenty of virtuous people, and some people intended to be refined; but features indicative of coarse animal passions, brutality, selfishness, and sensuality are drawn to the life, and the development of his stories is generally determined by some of the baser elements of human nature.

"Jesse and Colin" are described in one of the Tales; but they are not the Jesse and Colin of Dresden china. They are such rustics as ate fat bacon and drank "heavy ale and new;" not the imaginary personages who exchanged amatory civilities in the old-fashioned pastorals ridiculed by Pope and Gay.

Crabbe's rough style is indicative of his general temper. It is in places at least the most slovenly and slipshod that was ever adopted by any true poet. The authors of the *Rejected Addresses* had simply to copy, without attempting the impossible task of caricaturing. One of their familiar couplets, for example, runs thus:—

Emmanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy
Up as a corn-cutter, a safe employ!

And here is the original Crabbe:—

Swallow, a poor attorney, brought his boy
Up at his desk, and gave him his employ.

When boy cannot be made to rhyme with employ, Crabbe is very fond of dragging in ahoy. In the *Parish Register* he introduces a narrative about a village grocer and his friend in these lines:—

Aged were both, that Dawkins, Ditchem this,
Who much of marriage thought and much amiss.

Or to quote one more opening of a story:—

Counter and Clubb were men in trade, whose
pains,
Credit, and prudence, brought them constant
gains;
Partners and punctual, every friend agreed
Counter and Clubb were men who must succeed.

But of such gems any one may gather as many as he pleases by simply turning over Crabbe's pages. In one sense, they are rather pleasant than otherwise. They are so characteristic and put forward with such absolute simplicity that they have the same effect as a good old provincialism in the mouth of a genuine countryman. It must, however, be admitted that Crabbe's careful study of Pope had not initiated him in some of his master's secrets. The worsted stockings were uncommonly thick. If Pope's brilliance of style savours too much of affectation, Crabbe never manages to hit off an epigram in the whole of his poetry. The language seldom soars above the style which would be intelligible to the merest clodhopper; and we can understand how, when in his later years Crabbe

was introduced to wits and men of the world, he generally held his peace, or, at most, let fall some bit of dry quiet humour. At rare intervals he remembers that a poet ought to indulge in a figure of speech, and laboriously compounds a simile which appears in his poetry like a bit of gold lace on a farmer's homespun coat. He confessed as much in answer to a shrewd criticism of Jeffrey's, saying that he generally thought of such illustrations and inserted them after he had finished his tale. There is one of these deliberately concocted ornaments, intended to explain the remark that the difference between the character of two brothers came out when they were living together quietly:—

As various colours in a painted ball,
While it has rest are seen distinctly all;
Till, whirl'd around by some exterior force,
They all are blended in the rapid course;
So in repose and not by passion sway'd
We saw the difference by their habits made;
But, tried by strong emotions, they became
Filled with one love, and were in heart the same.

The conceit is ingenious enough in one sense, but painfully ingenious. It requires some thought to catch the likeness suggested, and then it turns out to be purely superficial. The resemblance of such a writer to Pope obviously does not go deep. Crabbe imitates Pope because everybody imitated him at that day. He adopted Pope's metre because it had come to be almost the only recognized means of poetical expression. He stuck to it after his contemporaries had introduced new versification, partly because he was old-fashioned to the backbone and partly because he had none of those lofty inspirations which naturally generate new forms of melody. He seldom trusts himself to be lyrical, and when he does his versification is nearly as monotonous as in his narrative poetry. We must not expect to soar with Crabbe into any of the loftier regions; to see the world "apparelled in celestial light," or to descry

Such forms as glitter in the Muses' ray,
With orient hues, unborrowed of the sun.

We shall find no vehement outbursts of passion, breaking loose from the fetters of sacred convention. Crabbe is perfectly content with the British Constitution, with the Thirty-nine Articles, and all respectabilities in Church and State, and therefore he is quite content also with the good old jog-trot of the recognized

metres; his language, halting unusually, and for the most part clumsy enough, is sufficiently differentiated from prose by the mould into which it is run, and he never wants to kick over the traces with his more excitable contemporaries.

The good old rule
Sufficeth him, the simple plan

that each verse should consist of ten syllables, with an occasional Alexandrine to accommodate a refractory epithet, and should rhyme peaceably with its neighbour.

From all which it may be too harshly inferred that Crabbe is merely a writer in rhyming prose, and deserving of no attention from the more enlightened adherents of a later school. The inference, I say, would be hasty, for it is impossible to read Crabbe patiently without receiving a very distinct and original impression. If some pedants of æsthetic philosophy should declare that we ought not to be impressed because Crabbe breaks all their rules, we can only reply that they are mistaking their trade. The true business of the critic is to discover from observation what are the conditions under which art appeals to our sympathies, and, if he finds an apparent exception to his rules, to admit that he has made an oversight, and not to condemn the facts which persist in contradicting his theories. It may, indeed, be freely granted that Crabbe has suffered seriously by his slovenly methods and his insensibility to the more exquisite and ethereal forms of poetical excellence. But however he may be classified, he possesses the essential mark of genius, namely, that his pictures, however coarse the workmanship, stamp themselves on our minds indelibly and instantaneously. His pathos is here and there clumsy, but it goes straight to the mark. His characteristic qualities were first distinctly shown in the "Village," which was partly composed under Burke's eye, and was more or less touched by Johnson. It was, indeed, a work after Johnson's own heart, intended to be a pendant, or perhaps a corrective, to Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." It is meant to give the bare blank facts of rural life, stripped of all sentimental gloss. To read the two is something like hearing a speech from an optimist landlord and then listening to the comments of Mr. Arch. Goldsmith, indeed, was far too exquisite an artist to indulge in mere conventionalities about agricultural bliss. If his "Auburn" is

rather idealized, the most prosaic of critics cannot object to the glow thrown by the memory of the poet over the scene of now ruined happiness, and, moreover, Goldsmith's delicate humour guards him instinctively from laying on his rose-colour too thickly. Crabbe, however, will have nothing to do with rose-colour, thick or thin. There is one explicit reference in the poem to his predecessor's work, and it is significant. Everybody remembers, or ought to remember, Goldsmith's charming pastor, to whom it can only be objected that he has not the fear of political economists before his eyes. This is Crabbe's retort, after describing a dying pauper in need of spiritual consolation:—

And does not he, the pious man, appear,
He, "passing rich with forty pounds a year"?
Ah! no; a shepherd of a different stock,
And far unlike him, feeds this little flock:
A jovial youth, who thinks his Sunday's task
As much as God or man can fairly ask;
The rest he gives to loves and labours light,
To fields the morning, and to feasts the night.
None better skilled the noisy pack to guide,
To urge their chase, to cheer them, or to chide;
A sportsman keen, he shoots through half the
day,
And, skilled at whist, devotes the night to
play.

This fox-hunting parson (of whom Cowper has described a duplicate) lets the pauper die as he pleases; and afterwards allows him to be buried without attending, performing the funerals, it seems, in a lump upon Sundays. Crabbe admits in a note that such negligence was uncommon, but adds that it is not unknown. The flock is, on the whole, worthy of the shepherd. The old village sports have died out in favour of smuggling and wrecking. The poor are not, as rich men fancy, healthy and well fed. Their work makes them premature victims to ague and rheumatism; their food is

Homely, not wholesome, plain, not plenteous,
such

As you who praise would never deign to touch.

The ultimate fate of the worn-out labourer is the poorhouse, described in lines of which it is enough to say that Scott and Wordsworth learnt them by heart, and the melancholy death-bed already noticed. Are we reading a poem or a blue-book done into rhyme? may possibly be the question of some readers. The answer should perhaps be that a good many blue-books contain an essence which only requires to be properly ex-

tracted and refined to become genuine poetry. If Crabbe's verses retain rather too much of the earthly elements, he is capable of transmuting his minerals into genuine gold, as well as of simply collecting them. Nothing, for example, is more characteristic than the mode in which the occasional descriptions of nature are harmoniously blended with the human life in his poetry. Crabbe is an ardent lover of a certain type of scenery, to which justice has not often been done. We are told how, after a long absence from Suffolk, he rode sixty miles from his house to have a dip in the sea. Some of his poems appear to be positively impregnated with a briny, or rather perhaps a tarry odour. The sea which he loved was by no means a Byronic sea. It has no grandeur of storm, and still less has it the Mediterranean blue. It is the sluggish muddy element which washes the flat shores of his beloved Suffolk. He likes even the shelving beach, with fishermen's boats and decaying nets and remnants of stale fish. He loves the dreary estuary, where the slow tide sways backwards and forwards, and whence

High o'er the restless deep, above the reach
Of gunner's hope, vast flocks of wildfowl
stretch.

The coming generation of poets took to the mountains; but Crabbe remained faithful to the dismal and yet, in his hands, the impressive scenery of his native salt-marshes. His method of description suits the country. His verses never become melodramatic, nor does he ever seem to invest nature with the mystic life of Wordsworth's poetry. He gives the plain prosaic facts which impress us because they are in such perfect harmony with the sentiment. Here, for example, is a fragment from the "Village," which is simply a description of the neighbourhood of Aldborough:—

Lo! where the heath, with withering brake
grown o'er,
Lends the light turf that warms the neigh-
bouring poor;
From thence a length of burning sand appears,
Where the thin harvest waves its withered
ears;
Rank weeds, that every art and care defy,
Reign o'er the land, and rob the blighted rye;
There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,
And to the ragged infant threaten war;
There poppies nodding, mock the hope of toil;
There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soi;
Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf,
The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf;

O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a
shade,
And clasping tares cling round the sickly
blade.

The writer is too obviously a botanist; but the picture always remains with us as the only conceivable background for the poverty-stricken population whom he is about to describe. The actors in the "Borough" are presented to us in a similar setting; and it may be well to put a sea-piece beside this bit of barren common. Crabbe's range of descriptive power is pretty well confined within the limits so defined. He is scarcely at home beyond the tide-marks:—

Be it the summer noon; a sandy space
The ebbing tide has left upon its place;
Then just the hot and stony beach above,
Light twinkling streams in bright confusion
move;

There the broad bosom of the ocean keeps
An equal motion; swelling as it sleeps,
Then slowly sinking; curling to the strand,
Faint lazy waves o'ercreep the ridgy sand,
Or tap the tarry boat with gentle blow,
And back return in silence, smooth and slow.
Ships in the calm seem anchored: for they
glide

On the still sea, urged slowly by the tide:
Art thou not present, this calm scene before
Where all beside is pebbly length of shore,
And far as eye can reach, it can discern no
more?

I have omitted a couplet which verges on the scientific; for Crabbe is unpleasantly anxious to leave nothing unexplained. The effect is, in its way, perfect. Any one who pleases may compare it with Wordsworth's calm in the verses upon Peele Castle, where the sentiment is given without the minute statement of facts, and where, too, we have the inevitable quotation about the "light that never was on sea or land," and is pretty nearly as rare in Crabbe's poetry. What he sees, we can all see, though not so intensely; and his art consists in selecting the precise elements that tell most forcibly towards bringing us into the required frame of mind. To enjoy Crabbe fully, we ought perhaps to be acclimatized on the coast of the Eastern counties; we should become sensitive to the plaintive music of the scenery, which is now generally drowned by the discordant sounds of modern watering-places, and would seem insipid to a generation which values excitement in scenery as in fiction. Readers, who measure the beauty of a district by its average height above the

sea-level, and who cannot appreciate the charm of a "waste enormous march," may find Crabbe uncongenial.

The human character is determined, as Mr. Buckle and other philosophers have assured us, by the climate and the soil. A little ingenuity, such as those philosophers display in accommodating facts to theory, might discover a parallel between the type of Crabbe's personages and the fauna and flora of his native district. Declining a task which might lead to fanciful conclusions, I may assume that the East-Anglian character is sufficiently familiar, whatever the causes by which it has been determined. To define Crabbe's poetry we have simply to imagine ourselves listening to the stories of his parishioners, told by a clergyman brought up amongst the lower rank of the middle classes, scarcely elevated above their prejudices, and not willingly leaving their circle of ideas. We must endow him with that simplicity of character which gives us frequent cause to smile at its proprietor, but which does not disqualify him from seeing a good deal further into his neighbours than they are apt to give him credit for doing. Such insight, in fact, is due not to any great subtlety of intellect, but to the possession of deep feeling and sympathy. Crabbe saw little more of Burke than would have been visible to an ordinary Suffolk farmer. When transplanted to a ducal mansion, he only drew the pretty obvious inference, inferred in a vigorous poem, that a patron is a very disagreeable and at times a very mischievous personage. The joys and griefs which really interest him are of the very tangible and solid kind which affect men and women to whom the struggle for existence is a stern reality. Here and there his good-humoured but rather clumsy ridicule may strike some lady to whom some demon has whispered, "Have a taste;" and who turns up her nose at the fat bacon on Mr. Tovell's table. He pities her squeamishness, but thinks it rather unreasonable. He satirizes too the heads of the rustic aristocracy; the brutal squire who bullies his nephew, the clergyman, for preaching against his vices, and corrupts the whole neighbourhood; or the speculative banker who cheats old maids under pretence of looking after their investments. If the squire does not generally appear in Crabbe in the familiar dramatic character of a rural Lovelace, it is chiefly because Crabbe has no great belief in the general purity of the inferior ranks of

rural life. But his most powerful stories deal with the tragedies — only too life-like — of the shop and the farm. He describes the temptations which lead the small tradesman to adulterate his goods, or the parish clerk to embezzle the money subscribed in the village church, and the evil effects of dissenting families who foster a spiritual pride which leads to more unctuous hypocrisy; for though he says of the wicked squire, that

His worship ever was a Churchman true,
And held in scorn the Methodistic crew,

the scorn is only objectionable to him in so far as it is a cynical cloak for scorn of good morals. He tells how boys run away to sea, or join strolling players, and have in consequence to beg their bread at the end of their days. The alms-house or the county gaol is the natural end of his villains, and he paints to the life the evil courses which generally lead to such a climax. Nobody describes better the process of going to the dogs. And most of all, he sympathizes with the village maiden who has listened too easily to the voice of the charmer in the shape of a gay sailor or a smart London footman, and has to reap the bitter consequences of her too easy faith. Most of his stories might be paralleled by the experience of any country clergyman who has entered into the life of his parishioners. They are as commonplace and as pathetic as the things which are happening round us every day, and which fill a neglected paragraph in a country newspaper. The treatment varies from the purely humorous to the most deep and genuine pathos; though it seldom takes us into the regions of the loftier imagination.

The more humorous of these performances may be briefly dismissed. Crabbe possesses the faculty, but not in any eminent degree; his hand is a little heavy, and one must remember that Mr. Tovell and his like were of the race who require to have a joke driven into their heads with a sledge-hammer. Once or twice we come upon a sketch which may help to explain Miss Austen's admiration. There is an old maid devoted to Mira, and rejoicing in stuffed puppies and parrots, who might have been another Emma Woodhouse, and a parson who would have suited the Eltons admirably:

Fiddling and fishing were his arts; at times
He altered sermons and he aimed at rhymes;
And his fair friends, not yet intent on cards,
Oft he amused with riddles and charades.

Such sketches are a pleasant relief to his more sombre portraiture; but it is in the tragic elements that his true power comes out. The motives of his stories may be trivial, but never the sentiment. The deep manly emotion makes us forget not only the frequent clumsiness of his style but the pettiness of the incident, and, what is more difficult, the rather bread-and-butter tone of morality. If he is a little too fond of bringing his villains to the gallows, he is preoccupied less by the external consequences than by the natural working of evil passions. With him sin is not punished by being found out, but by disintegrating the character and blunting the higher sensibilities. He shows — and the moral, if not new, is that which possesses the really intellectual interest — how evil-doers are tortured by the cravings of desires that cannot be satisfied, and the lacerations inflicted by ruined self-respect. And therefore there is a truth in Crabbe's delineations which is quite independent of his more or less rigid administration of poetical justice. His critics used to accuse him of having a low opinion of human nature. It is quite true that he assigns to selfishness and brutal passion a very large part in carrying on the machinery of the world. Some readers may infer that he was unlucky in his experience and others that he loved facts too unflinchingly. His stories sometimes remind one of Balzac's in the descriptions of selfishness triumphant over virtue. One, for example, of his deeply pathetic poems is called the "Brothers;" and repeats the old contrast given in Fielding's *Tom Jones* and *Bliffl*. The shrewd sly hypocrite has received all manner of kindnesses from the generous and simple sailor, and when, at last, the poor sailor is ruined in health and fortune, he comes home expecting to be supported by the gratitude of the brother, who has by this time made money and is living at his ease. Nothing can be more pathetic or more in the spirit of some of Balzac's stories than the way in which the rich man receives his former benefactor; his faint recognition of fraternal feelings gradually cools down under the influence of a selfish wife; till at last the poor old sailor is driven from the parlour to the kitchen, and from the kitchen to the loft, and finally deprived of his only comfort, his intercourse with a young nephew not yet broken into hardness of heart. The lad is not to be corrupted by the coarse language of his poor old uncle. The rich brother suspects

that the sailor has broken this rule, and is reviling him for his ingratitude, when suddenly he discovers that he is abusing a corpse. The old sailor's heart is broken at last; and his brother repents too late. He tries to comfort his remorse by cross-examining the boy, who was the cause of the last quarrel:—

"Did he not curse me, child?" "He never cursed,
But could not breathe, and said his heart would burst."

"And so will mine ——" "But, father, you must pray;
My uncle said it took his pains away."

Praying, however, cannot bring back the dead; and the fratricide, for such he feels himself to be, is a melancholy man to the end of his days. In Balzac's hand repentance would have had no place, and selfishness been finally triumphant and unabashed. We need not ask which would be the most effective or the truest treatment; though I must put in a word for the superior healthiness of Crabbe's mind. There is nothing morbid about him. Still it would be absurd to push such a comparison far. Crabbe's portraits are only spirited vignettes compared with the elaborate full-lengths drawn by the intense imagination of the French novelist; and Crabbe's whole range of thought is narrower. The two writers have a real resemblance only in so far as in each case a powerful accumulation of life-like details enables them to produce a pathos, powerful by its vivid reality.

The singular power of Crabbe is in some sense more conspicuous in the stories where the incidents are almost audaciously trifling. One of them begins with this not very impressive and very ungrammatical couplet:—

With our late vicar, and his age the same,
His clerk, high Jachin, to his office came.

Jachin is a man of oppressive respectability; so oppressive, indeed, that some of the scamps of the borough try to get him into scrapes by temptations of a very inartificial kind, which he is strong enough to resist. At last, however, it occurs to Jachin that he can easily embezzle part of the usual monthly offerings while saving his character in his own eyes by some obvious sophistry. He is detected and dismissed, and dies after coming upon the parish. These materials for a tragic poem are not very promising; and I do not mean to say that the sorrows of poor Jachin affect us as deeply

as those of Gretchen in *Faust*. The parish clerk is perhaps a fit type of all that was least poetical in the old social order of the country, and virtue which succumbs to the temptation of taking two shillings out of a plate scarcely wants a Mephistophiles to overcome it. We may perhaps think that the apologetic note which the excellent Crabbe inserts at the end of his poem, to the effect that he did not mean by it to represent mankind as "puppets of an overpowering destiny," or "to deny the doctrine of seducing spirits," is a little superfluous. The fact that a parish clerk has taken to petty pilfering can scarcely justify those heterodox conclusions. But when we have smiled at Crabbe's philosophy, we begin to wonder at the force of his sentiment. A blighted human soul is a pathetic object, however paltry the temptation to which it has succumbed. Jachin has the dignity of despair, though he is not quite a fallen archangel; and Crabbe's favourite scenery harmonizes with his agony.

In each lone place, dejected and dismay'd,
Shrinking from view, his wasting form he laid;
Or to the restless sea and roaring wind
Gave the strong yearnings of a ruined mind;
On the broad beach, the silent summer day,
Stretch'd on some wreck, he wore his life
away;

Or where the river mingles with the sea,
Or on the mud-bank by the elder tree;
Or by the bounding marsh-dyke, there was he.

Nor would he have been a more pitiable object if he had betrayed a nation or sold his soul for a garter instead of the pillage of a subscription plate. Poor old Jachin's story may seem to be borrowed from a commonplace tract; but the detected pilferer, though he has only lost the respect of the parson, the overseer, and the beadle, touches us deeply as the Byronic hero who has fallen out with the whole system of the world.

If we refuse to sympathize with the pang due to so petty a catastrophe—though our sympathy should surely be proportioned to the keenness of the suffering rather than the absolute height of the fall—we may turn to tragedy of a deeper dye. Peter Grimes, as his name indicates, was a ruffian from his infancy. He once knocked down his poor old father, who warned him of the consequences of his brutality:—

On an inn-settle, in his maudlin grief,
This he revolved, and drank for his relief.

Adopting such a remedy, he sank from bad to worse, and gradually became a

thief, a smuggler, and a social outlaw. In those days, however, as is proved by the history of Mrs. Brownrigg, parish authorities practised the "boarding-out system" after a reckless fashion. Peter was allowed to take two or three apprentices in succession, whom he bullied, starved, and maltreated, and who finally died under suspicious circumstances. The last was found dead in Peter's fishing-boat after a rough voyage; and though nothing could be proved, the mayor told him that he should have no more slaves to belabour. Peter, pursuing his trade in solitude, gradually became morbid and depressed. The melancholy estuary became haunted by ghostly visions. He had to groan and sweat with no vent for his passion:—

Thus by himself compelled to live each day,
To wait for certain hours the tide's delay;
At the same time the same dull views to see,
The bounding marsh-bank and the blighted tree;

The water only, when the tides were high,
When low, the mud half-covered and half-dry;
The sunburnt tar that blisters on the planks,
And bank-side stakes in their uneven ranks;
Heaps of entangled weeds that slowly float,
As the tide rolls by the impeded boat.

Peter grew more sullen, and the scenery became more weird and depressing. The few who watched him remarked that there were three places where Peter seemed to be more than usually moved. For a time he hurried past them, whistling as he rowed; but gradually he seemed to be fascinated. The idle lodgers in the summer saw a man and boat lingering in the tideway, apparently watching the gliding waves without casting a net or looking at the wildfowl. At last, his delirium becoming stronger, he is carried to the poorhouse, and tells his story to the clergyman. Nobody has painted with greater vigour that kind of externalized conscience which may still survive in a brutalized mind. Peter Grimes, of course, sees his victims' spirits and hates them. He fancies that his father torments him out of spite, characteristically forgetting that the ghost had some excuse for his anger:—

'Twas one hot noon, all silent, still, serene,
No living being had I lately seen;
I paddled up and down and dipped my net,
But (such his pleasure) I could nothing get,—
A father's pleasure, when his toil was done,
To plague and torture thus an only son!
And so I sat and looked upon the stream,
How it ran on, and felt as in a dream;
But dream it was not; no!—I fixed my eyes
On the mid-stream and saw the spirits rise;

I saw my father on the water stand,
And hold a thin pale boy in either hand;
And there they glided ghastly on the top
Of the salt flood, and never touched a drop;
I would have struck them, but they knew the intent,
And smiled upon the oar, and down they went.

Remorse in Peter's mind takes the shape of bitter hatred for his victims; and with another characteristic confusion, he partly attributes his sufferings to some evil influence intrinsic in the locality:—

There were three places, where they ever rose,—
The whole long river has not such as those,—
Places accursed, where if a man remain,
He'll see the things which strike him to the brain.

And then the malevolent ghosts forced poor Peter to lean on his oars, and showed him visions of coming horrors. Grimes dies impenitent, and fancying that his tormentors are about to seize him. Of all haunted men in fiction, it is not easy to think of a case where the horror is more terribly realized. The blood-boulter'd Banquo tortured a noble victim, but scarcely tortured him more effectually. Peter Grimes was doubtless a close relation of Peter Bell. Bell having the advantage of Wordsworth's interpretation, leads us to many thoughts which lie altogether beyond Crabbe's reach; but, looking simply at the sheer tragic force of the two characters, Grimes is to Bell what brandy is to small-beer. He would never have shown the white feather like his successor, who,

after ten months' melancholy,
Became a good and honest man.

If, in some sense, Peter Grimes is the most effective of Crabbe's heroes, he would, if taken alone, give a very distorted impression of the general spirit of the poetry. It is only at intervals that he introduces us to downright criminals. There is, indeed, a description of a convicted felon, which, according to Macaulay, has made "many a rough and cynical reader cry like a child," and which, if space were unlimited, would make a striking pendant to the agony of the burdened Grimes. But, as a rule, Crabbe can find motives enough for tenderness in sufferings which have nothing to do with the criminal law, and of which the mere framework of the story is often interesting enough. His peculiar power is best displayed in so presenting to us the sorrows of commonplace characters as to

make us feel that a shabby coat and a narrow education, and the most unromantic causes, need not cut off our sympathies with a fellow-creature; and that the dullest tradesman who treads on our toes in an omnibus may want only a power of articulate expression to bring before us some of the deepest of all problems. The parish clerk and the grocer—or whatever may be the proverbial epitome of human dullness—may swell the chorus of lamentation over the barrenness and the hardships and the wasted energies and the harsh discords of life which is always “steaming up” from the world, and to which it is one, though perhaps not the highest, of the poet’s functions to make us duly sensible. Crabbe, like all realistic writers, must be studied at full length, and therefore quotations are necessarily unjust. It will be sufficient if I refer—pretty much at random—to the short stories of “Phœbe Dawson” in the *Parish Register*, to the more elaborate stories of “Edward Shore” and the “Parting Hour” in the *Tales*, or to the story of “Ruth” in the *Tales of the Hall*, where again the dreary pathos is strangely heightened by Crabbe’s favourite seaport scenery, to prove that he might be called as truly as Goldsmith *afectuum potens*, though scarcely *lenis dominator*.

It is time, however, to conclude by a word or two as to Crabbe’s peculiar place in the history of English literature. I said that, unlike his contemporaries, Cowper and Burns, he adhered rigidly to the form of the earlier eighteenth century school, and partly for this reason excited the wayward admiration of Byron, who always chose to abuse the bridge which carried him to fame. But Crabbe’s clumsiness of expression makes him a very inadequate successor of Pope or of Goldsmith, and his claims are really founded on the qualities which led Byron to call him “nature’s sternest painter, yet her best.” On this side he is connected with some tendencies of the school which supplanted his early models. So far as Wordsworth and his followers represented the reaction from an artificial to a love of unsophisticated nature, Crabbe is entirely at one with them. He did not share that unlucky taste for the namby-pamby by which Wordsworth annoyed his contemporaries, and spoilt some of his earlier poems. Its place was filled in Crabbe’s mind by an even more unfortunate disposition for the simply humdrum and commonplace, which, it

must be confessed, makes it almost as hard to read a good deal of his verses as to consume large quantities of suet pudding, and has probably destroyed his popularity with the present generation. Still, Crabbe’s influence was powerful as against the old conventionality. He did not, like his predecessors, write upon the topics which interested “persons of quality,” and never gives us the impression of having composed his rhymes in a full-bottomed wig or even in a Grub Street garret. He has gone out into country fields and village lanes, and paints directly from man and nature, with almost a cynical disregard of the accepted code of propriety. But the points on which he parts company with his more distinguished predecessors is equally obvious. Mr. Stopford Brooke has lately been telling us with great eloquence what is the theology which underlies the poetical tendencies of the last generation of poets. Of that creed, a sufficiently vague one, it must be admitted, Crabbe was by no means an apostle. Rather one would say he was as indifferent as a good old-fashioned clergyman could very well be to the existence of any new order of ideas in the world. The infidels, whom he sometimes attacks, read Bolingbroke, and Chubb, and Mandeville, and have only heard by report even of the existence of Voltaire. The Dissenters, whom he so heartily detests, have listened to Whitefield and Wesley, or perhaps to Huntington, S.S.—that is, as it may now be necessary to explain, Sinner Saved. Every newer development of thought was still far away from the quiet pews of Aldborough, and the only form of church restoration of which he has heard is the objectionable practice of painting a new wall to represent a growth of lichens. Crabbe appreciates the charm of the picturesque, but has never yet heard of our elaborate methods of creating modern antiques. Lapped in such ignorance, and with a mind little given to speculation, it is only in character that Crabbe should be totally insensible to the various moods of thought represented by Wordsworth’s pantheistic conceptions of nature, or by Shelley’s dreamy idealism, or Byron’s fierce revolutionary impulses. Still less, if possible, could he sympathize with that love of beauty, pure and simple, of which Keats was the first prophet. He might, indeed, be briefly described by saying that he is at the very opposite pole from Keats. The more bigoted admirers of Keats—

for there are bigots in all matters of taste or poetry as well as in science or theology or politics — would refuse the title of poet to Crabbe, altogether on the strength of the absence of this element from his verses. Like his most obvious parallels in painting, he is too fond of boors and pot-houses to be allowed the quality of artistic perception. I will not argue the point, which is, perhaps, rather a question of classification than of intrinsic merit; but I will venture to suggest a test which will, I think, give Crabbe a very firm, though, it may be, not a very lofty place. I should be unwilling to be reckoned as one of Macaulay's "rough and cynical readers." I admit that I can read the story of the convicted felon, or of Peter Grimes without indulging in downright blubbering. Most readers, I fear, can in these days get through pathetic poems and novels without absolutely using their pocket-handkerchiefs. But though Crabbe may not prompt such outward and visible signs of emotion, I think that he produces a more distinct titillation of the lachrymatory glands than almost any poet of his time. True, he does not appeal to emotions, accessible only through the finer intellectual perceptions, or to the thoughts which "lie too deep for tears." That prerogative belongs to men of more intense character, greater philosophical power, and more delicate instincts. But the power of touching readers by downright pictures of homespun griefs and sufferings is one which, to my mind, implies some poetical capacity, and which clearly belongs to Crabbe.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE FOOL OF FIVE FORKS.

BY BRET HARTE.

HE lived alone. I do not think this peculiarity arose from any wish to withdraw his foolishness from the rest of the camp, nor was it probable that the combined wisdom of Five Forks ever drove him into exile. My impression is that he lived alone from choice — a choice he made long before the camp indulged in any criticism of his mental capacity. He was much given to moody reticence, and, although to outward appearances a strong man, was always complaining of ill health. Indeed, one theory of his isolation was that it afforded him better opportunities for taking medicine, of which he habitually consumed large quantities.

His folly first dawned upon Five Forks through the post-office windows. He was for a long time the only man who wrote home by every mail, his letters being always directed to the same person — a woman. Now it so happened that the bulk of the Five Forks correspondence was usually the other way; there were many letters received — the majority being in the female hand — but very few answered. The men received them indifferently, or as a matter of course; a few opened and read them on the spot with a barely repressed smile of self-conceit, or quite as frequently glanced over them with undisguised impatience. Some of the letters began with "My dear husband," and some were never called for. But the fact that the only regular correspondent of Five Forks never received any reply became at last quite notorious. Consequently, when an envelope was received bearing the stamp of the "Dead Letter Office" addressed to the Fool, under the more conventional title of "Cyrus Hawkins," there was quite a fever of excitement. I do not know how the secret leaked out, but it was eventually known to the camp that the envelope contained Hawkins's own letters returned. This was the first evidence of his weakness; any man who repeatedly wrote to a woman who did not reply must be a fool. I think Hawkins suspected that his folly was known to the camp, but he took refuge in symptoms of chills and fever which he at once developed, and effected a diversion with three bottles of Indian chologogue and two boxes of pills. At all events, at the end of a week he resumed a pen, stiffened by tonics, with all his old epistolary pertinacity. This time the letters had a new address.

In those days a popular belief obtained at the mines that luck particularly favoured the foolish and unscientific. Consequently, when Hawkins struck a "pocket" in the hillside near his solitary cabin, there was but little surprise. "He will sink it all in the next hole," was the prevailing belief, predicated upon the usual manner in which the possessor of "nigger luck" disposed of his fortune. To everybody's astonishment, Hawkins, after taking out about eight thousand dollars and exhausting the pocket, did not prospect for another. The camp then waited patiently to see what he would do with his money. I think, however, that it was with the greatest difficulty their indignation was kept from taking the

form of a personal assault when it became known that he had purchased a draft for eight thousand dollars in favour of "that woman." More than this, it was finally whispered that the draft was returned to him as his letters had been, and that he was ashamed to reclaim the money at the express office. "It wouldn't be a bad speculation to go East, get some smart gal for a hundred dollars to dress herself up and represent that hag, and jest freeze on to that eight thousand," suggested a far-seeing financier. I may state here that we always alluded to Hawkins's fair unknown as "the Hag," without having, I am confident, the least justification for that epithet.

That the Fool should gamble seemed eminently fit and proper. That he should occasionally win a large stake, according to that popular theory which I have recorded in the preceding paragraph, appeared also a not improbable or inconsistent fact. That he should, however, break the faro bank which Mr. John Hamlin had set up in Five Forks, and carry off a sum variously estimated at from ten to twenty thousand dollars, and not return the next day and lose the money at the same table, really appeared incredible. Yet such was the fact. A day or two passed without any known investment of Mr. Hawkins's recently acquired capital. "Ef he allows to send it to that hag," said one prominent citizen, "suthin' ought to be done! It's jest ruinin' the reputation of this yer camp—this sloshin' around o' capital on non-residents ez don't claim it!" "It's settin' an example o' extravagance," said another, "ez is little better nor a swindle. Thais mor'n five men in this camp thet, hearin' thet Hawkins hed sent home eight thousand dollars, must jest rise up and send home their hard earnings, too! And, then, to think thet that eight thousand was only a bluff, after all, and thet it's lyin' there on call in Adams and Co.'s bank! Well! I say it's one o' them things a vigilance committee oughter look into!"

When there seemed no possibility of this repetition of Hawkins's folly, the anxiety to know what he had really done with his money became intense. At last a self-appointed committee of four citizens dropped artfully, but to outward appearances carelessly, upon him in his seclusion. When some polite formalities had been exchanged, and some easy vituperation of a backward season of

fered by each of the parties, Tom Wingate approached the subject:

"Sorter dropped heavy on Jack Hamlin the other night, didn't ye? He allows you didn't give him no show for revenge. I said you wasn't no such d——d fool—didn't I, Dick?" continued the artful Wingate, appealing to a confederate.

"Yes," said Dick, promptly. "You said twenty thousand dollars wasn't goin' to be thrown around recklessly. You said Cyrus had suthin' better to do with his capital," superadded Dick, with gratuitous mendacity. "I disremember now what partickler investment you said he was goin' to make with it," he continued, appealing with easy indifference to his friend.

Of course Wingate did not reply, but looked at the Fool, who, with a troubled face, was rubbing his legs softly. After a pause he turned deprecatingly toward his visitors.

"Ye didn't enny of ye ever hev a sort of tremblin' in your legs—a kind o' shakiness from the knee down? Suthin'," he continued, slightly brightening with his topic, "suthin' that begins like chills, and yet ain't chills. A kind o' sensation of goneeness here, and a kind o' feelin' as if you might die sudden! When Wright's Pills don't somehow reach the spot, and quinine don't fetch you?"

"No!" said Wingate, with a curt directness, and the air of authoritatively responding for his friends. "No, never had. You was speakin' of this yer investment."

"And your bowels all the time irregular?" continued Hawkins, blushing under Wingate's eye, and yet clinging despairingly to his theme like a shipwrecked mariner to his plank.

Wingate did not reply, but glanced significantly at the rest. Hawkins evidently saw this recognition of his mental deficiency, and said, apologetically, "You was saying suthin' about my investment?"

"Yes," said Wingate, so rapidly as almost to take Hawkins's breath away—"the investment you made in——"

"Rafferty's Ditch," said the Fool, timidly.

For a moment the visitors could only stare blankly at each other. Rafferty's Ditch, the one notorious failure of Five Forks! Rafferty's Ditch, the impracticable scheme of an utterly unpractical man; Rafferty's Ditch, a ridiculous plan.

for taking water that could not be got to a place where it wasn't wanted! Rafferty's Ditch, that had buried the fortunes of Rafferty and twenty wretched stockholders in its muddy depths!

"And that's it—is it?" said Wingate, after a gloomy pause. "That's it! I see it all now, boys. That's how ragged Pat Rafferty went down to San Francisco yesterday in store clothes, and his wife and four children went off in a kerridge to Sacramento. That's why them ten workmen of his ez hedn't a cent to bless themselves with was playin' billiards last night and eatin' isters. That's whar that money kum frum—one hundred dollars—to pay for the long advertisement of the new issue of Ditch stock in the *Times* yesterday. That's why them six strangers were booked at the Magnolia Hotel yesterday. Don't you see—it's thet money—and thet Fool!"

The Fool sat silent. The visitors rose without a word.

"You never took any of them Indian Vegetable Pills?" asked Hawkins timidly of Wingate.

"No," roared Wingate, as he opened the door.

"They tell me that took with the Panacea—they was out o' the Panacea when I went to the drug store last week—they say that, took with the Panacea, they always effect a certing cure—" But by this time Wingate and his disgusted friends had retreated—slamming the door on the Fool and his ailments.

Nevertheless in six months the whole affair was forgotten, the money had been spent—the "Ditch" had been purchased by a company of Boston capitalists, fired by the glowing description of an Eastern tourist, who had spent one drunken night at Five Forks—and I think even the mental condition of Hawkins might have remained undisturbed by criticism, but for a singular incident.

It was during an exciting political campaign, when party feeling ran high, that the irascible Captain McFadden, of Sacramento, visited Five Forks. During a heated discussion in the Prairie Rose Saloon words passed between the captain and the Hon. Calhoun Bungstarter, ending in a challenge. The captain bore the infelix reputation of being a notorious duellist and a dead shot; the captain was unpopular; the captain was believed to have been sent by the opposition for a deadly purpose, and the captain was, moreover, a stranger. I am

sorry to say that with Five Forks this latter condition did not carry the quality of sanctity or reverence that usually obtains among other nomads. There was consequently some little hesitation when the captain turned upon the crowd and asked for some one to act as his friend. To everybody's astonishment, and to the indignation of many, the Fool stepped forward and offered himself in that capacity. I do not know whether Captain McFadden would have chosen him voluntarily, but he was constrained, in the absence of a better man, to accept his services.

The duel never took place! The preliminaries were all arranged, the spot indicated, the men were present with their seconds, there was no interruption from without, there was no explanation or apology passed—but the duel did not take place. It may be readily imagined that these facts, which were all known to Five Forks, threw the whole community into a fever of curiosity. The principals, the surgeon, and one second left town the next day. Only the Fool remained. He resisted all questioning—declaring himself held in honour not to divulge—in short, conducted himself with consistent but exasperating folly. It was not until six months had passed that Colonel Starbottle, the second of Calhoun Bungstarter, in a moment of weakness superinduced by the social glass, condescended to explain. I should not do justice to the parties if I did not give that explanation in the colonel's own words. I may remark, in passing, that the characteristic dignity of Colonel Starbottle always became intensified by stimulants, and that by the same process all sense of humour was utterly eliminated.

"With the understanding that I am addressing myself confidentially to men of honour," said the colonel, elevating his chest above the bar-room counter of the Prairie Rose Saloon, "I trust that it will not be necessary for me to protect myself from levity, as I was forced to do in Sacramento on the only other occasion when I entered into an explanation of this delicate affair, by—er—er—calling the individual to a personal account—er! I do not believe," added the colonel, slightly waving his glass of liquor in the air with a graceful gesture of courteous deprecation—"knowing what I do of the present company—that such a course of action is required here. Certainly not—sir—in the home

of Mr. Hawkins — er — the gentleman who represented Mr. Bungstarter, whose conduct, ged, sir, is worthy of praise, blank me !”

Apparently satisfied with the gravity and respectful attention of his listeners, Colonel Starbottle smiled relently and sweetly, closed his eyes half dreamily, as if to recall his wandering thoughts, and began : —

“As the spot selected was nearest the tenement of Mr. Hawkins, it was agreed that the parties should meet there. They did so promptly at half past six. The morning being chilly, Mr. Hawkins extended the hospitalities of his house with a bottle of Bourbon whisky — of which all partook but myself. The reason for that exception is, I believe, well known. It is my invariable custom to take brandy — a wineglassful in a cup of strong coffee, immediately on rising. It stimulates the functions, sir, without producing any blank derangement of the nerves.”

The barkeeper, to whom, as an expert, the colonel had graciously imparted this information, nodded approvingly, and the colonel, amid a breathless silence, went on :

“We were about twenty minutes in reaching the spot. The ground was measured, the weapons were loaded, when Mr. Bungstarter confided to me the information that he was unwell and in great pain ! On consultation with Mr. Hawkins, it appeared that his principal in a distant part of the field was also suffering and in great pain. The symptoms were such as a medical man would pronounce ‘choleraic.’ I say *would* have pronounced, for on examination, the surgeon was also found to be — er — in pain, and, I regret to say, expressing himself in language unbecoming the occasion. His impression was that some powerful drug had been administered. On referring the question to Mr. Hawkins, he remembered that the bottle of whisky partaken by them contained a medicine which he had been in the habit of taking, but which, having failed to act upon him, he had concluded to be generally ineffective, and had forgotten. His perfect willingness to hold himself personally responsible to each of the parties, his genuine concern at the disastrous effect of the mistake, mingled with his own alarm at the state of his system, which — er — failed to — er — respond to the peculiar qualities of the medicine, was most becoming to him as a man of honour and a gentleman ! After an hour’s delay, both

principals being completely exhausted, and abandoned by the surgeon, who was unreasonably alarmed at his own condition, Mr. Hawkins and I agreed to remove our men to Markleville. There, after a further consultation with Mr. Hawkins, an amicable adjustment of all difficulties, honourable to both parties, and governed by profound secrecy, was arranged. I believe,” added the colonel, looking around and setting down his glass, “no gentleman has yet expressed himself other than satisfied with the result.”

Perhaps it was the colonel’s manner, but whatever was the opinion of Five Forks regarding the intellectual display of Mr. Hawkins in this affair, there was very little outspoken criticism at the moment. In a few weeks the whole thing was forgotten, except as part of the necessary record of Hawkins’s blunders, which was already a pretty full one. Again, some later follies conspired to obliterate the past, until, a year later, a valuable lead was discovered in the Blazing Star Tunnel, in the hill where he lived, and a large sum was offered him for a portion of his land on the hilltop. Accustomed as Five Forks had become to the exhibition of his folly, it was with astonishment that they learned that he resolutely and decidedly refused the offer. The reason that he gave was still more astounding. He was about to build !

To build a house upon property available for mining purposes was preposterous ; to build at all with a roof already covering him, was an act of extravagance ; to build a house of the style he proposed was simply madness !

Yet here were facts. The plans were made, and the lumber for the new building was already on the ground, while the shaft of the Blazing Star was being sunk below. The site was, in reality, a very picturesque one — the building itself of a style and quality hitherto unknown in Five Forks. The citizens, at first sceptical, during their moments of recreation and idleness gathered doubtfully about the locality. Day by day, in that climate of rapid growths, the building pleasantly known in the slang of Five Forks as “the Idiot Asylum” rose beside the green oaks and clustering firs of Hawkins’s Hill, as if it were part of the natural phenomena. At last it was completed. Then Mr. Hawkins proceeded to furnish it with an expensiveness and extravagance of outlay quite in keeping with his former idiocy. Carpets, sofas,

mirrors, and finally a piano—the only one known in the county, and brought at great expense from Sacramento—kept curiosity at a fever heat. More than that, there were articles and ornaments which a few married experts declared only fit for women. When the furnishing of the house was complete—it had occupied two months of the speculative and curious attention of the camp—Mr. Hawkins locked the front door, put the key in his pocket, and quietly retired to his more humble roof, lower on the hillside!

I have not deemed it necessary to indicate to the intelligent reader all of the theories which obtained in Five Forks during the erection of the building. Some of them may be readily imagined. That the Hag had by artful coyness and systematic reticence at last completely subjugated the Fool, and that the new house was intended for the nuptial bower of the (predestined) unhappy pair, was of course the prevailing opinion. But when, after a reasonable time had elapsed, and the house still remained untenanted, the more exasperating conviction forced itself upon the general mind that the Fool had been for the third time imposed upon. When two months had elapsed and there seemed no prospect of a mistress for the new house, I think public indignation became so strong that had the Hag arrived, the marriage would have been publicly prevented. But no one appeared that seemed to answer to this idea of an available tenant, and all inquiry of Mr. Hawkins as to his intention in building a house and not renting or occupying it, failed to elicit any further information. The reasons that he gave were felt to be vague, evasive, and unsatisfactory. He was in no hurry to move, he said; when he *was* ready, it surely was not strange that he should like to have his house all ready to receive him. He was often seen upon the verandah of a summer evening smoking a cigar. It is reported that one night the house was observed to be brilliantly lighted from garret to basement; that a neighbour, observing this, crept toward the open parlour window, and, looking in, espied the Fool accurately dressed in evening costume, lounging upon a sofa in the drawing-room, with the easy air of socially entertaining a large party. Notwithstanding this, the house was unmistakably vacant that evening, save for the presence of the owner, as the witness afterwards testified. When this story was first related, a few practical men sug-

gested the theory that Mr. Hawkins was simply drilling himself in the elaborate duties of hospitality against a probable event in his history. A few ventured the belief that the house was haunted; the imaginative editor of the *Five Forks Record* evolved from the depths of his professional consciousness a story that Hawkins's sweetheart had died, and that he regularly entertained her spirit in this beautifully furnished mausoleum. The occasional spectacle of Hawkins's tall figure pacing the verandah on moonlight nights lent some credence to this theory, until an unlooked-for incident diverted all speculation into another channel.

It was about this time that a certain wild, rude valley, in the neighbourhood of Five Forks, had become famous as a picturesque resort. Travellers had visited it, and declared that there were more cubic yards of rough stone cliff and a waterfall of greater height than any they had visited. Correspondents had written it up with extravagant rhetoric and inordinate poetical quotation; men and women who had never enjoyed a sunset, a tree, or a flower—who had never appreciated the graciousness or meaning of the yellow sunlight that flecked their homely doorways, or the tenderness of a midsummer's night, to whose moonlight they bared their shirtsleeves or their *tulle* dresses—came from thousands of miles away to calculate the height of this rock, to observe the depth of this chasm, to remark upon the enormous size of this unsightly tree, and to believe with ineffable self-complacency that they really admired nature. And so it came to pass that, in accordance with the tastes or weaknesses of the individual, the more prominent and salient points of the valley were christened, and there was a "Lace Handkerchief Fall," and the "Tears of Sympathy Cataract," and one distinguished orator's "Peak," and several "Mounts" of various noted people, living or dead, and an "Exclamation Point," and a "Valley of Silent Adoration." And in course of time empty soda-water bottles were found at the base of the cataract, and greasy newspapers and fragments of ham sandwiches lay at the dusty roots of giant trees. With this, there were frequent irruptions of closely shaven and tightly cravated men and delicate, flower-faced women in the one long street of Five Forks, and a scampering of mules, and an occasional procession of dusty brown-linen cavalry.

A year after "Hawkins's Idiot Asylum"

was completed, one day there drifted into the valley a riotous cavalcade of "school-marms," teachers of the San Francisco public schools, out for a holiday. Not severely spectacled Minervas and chaste-ly armed and mailed Pallasas, but, I fear for the security of Five Forks, very human, charming, and mischievous young women. At least, so the men thought, working in the ditches and tunnelling on the hillside; and when, in the interests of science and the mental advancement of juvenile posterity, it was finally settled that they should stay in Five Forks two or three days for the sake of visiting the various mines, and particularly the Blazing Star Tunnel, there was some flutter of masculine anxiety. There was a considerable inquiry for "store clothes," a hopeless overhauling of old and disused raiment, and a general demand for "boiled shirts" and the barber.

Meanwhile, with that supreme audacity and impudent hardihood of the sex when gregarious, the schoolmarms rode through the town, admiring openly the handsome faces and manly figures that looked up from the ditches or rose behind the cars of ore at the mouths of tunnels. Indeed, it is alleged that Jenny Forester, backed and supported by seven other equally shameless young women, had openly and publicly waved her handkerchief to the florid Hercules of Five Forks — one Tom Flynn, formerly of Virginia — leaving that good-natured but not over-bright giant pulling his blonde mustaches in bashful amazement.

It was a pleasant June afternoon that Miss Milly Arnot, principal of the primary department of one of the public schools of San Francisco, having evaded her companions, resolved to put into operation a plan which had lately sprung up in her courageous and mischief-loving fancy. With that wonderful and mysterious instinct of her sex, from whom no secrets of the affections are hid and to whom all hearts are laid open, she had heard the story of Hawkins's folly and the existence of the "Idiot Asylum." Alone, on Hawkins's Hill, she had determined to penetrate its seclusion. Skirting the underbrush at the foot of the hill, she managed to keep the heaviest timber between herself and the Blazing Star Tunnel at its base, as well as the cabin of Hawkins, half-way up the ascent, until, by a circuitous route, at last she reached, unobserved, the summit. Before her rose, silent, darkened, and motionless, the object of her search.

Here her courage failed her, with all the characteristic inconsequence of her sex. A sudden fear of all the dangers she had safely passed — bears, tarantulas, drunken men, and lizards — came upon her. For a moment, as she afterwards expressed it, "she thought she should die." With this belief, probably, she gathered three large stones, which she could hardly lift, for the purpose of throwing a great distance; put two hair pins in her mouth, and carefully readjusted with both hands two stray braids of her lovely blue-black mane which had fallen in gathering the stones. Then she felt in the pockets of her linen duster for her card-case, handkerchief, pocket-book, and smelling-bottle, and finding them intact, suddenly assumed an air of easy, lady-like unconcern, went up the steps of the verandah, and demurely pulled the front door-bell, which she knew would not be answered. After a decent pause, she walked around the encompassing verandah examining the closed shutters of the French windows until she found one that yielded to her touch. Here she paused again to adjust her coquettish hat by the mirror-like surface of the long sash window that reflected the full length of her pretty figure. And then she opened the window and entered the room.

Although long closed, the house had a smell of newness and of fresh paint that was quite unlike the mouldiness of the conventional haunted house. The bright carpets, the cheerful walls, the glistening oilcloths were quite inconsistent with the idea of a ghost. With childish curiosity she began to explore the silent house, at first timidly — opening the doors with a violent push, and then stepping back from the threshold to make good a possible retreat; and then more boldly, as she became convinced of her security and absolute loneliness. In one of the chambers, the largest, there were fresh flowers in a vase — evidently gathered that morning; and what seemed still more remarkable, the pitchers and ewers were freshly filled with water. This obliged Miss Milly to notice another singular fact, namely, that the house was free from dust — the one most obtrusive and penetrating visitor of Five Forks. The floors and carpets had been recently swept, the chairs and furniture carefully wiped and dusted. If the house *was* haunted, it was possessed by a spirit who had none of the usual indifference to decay and mould. And yet the beds had evidently never been slept in, the very springs of

the chair in which she sat creaked stiffly at the novelty, the closet doors opened with the reluctance of fresh paint and varnish, and in spite of the warmth, cleanliness, and cheerfulness of furniture and decoration, there was none of the ease of tenancy and occupation. As Miss Milly afterwards confessed, she longed to "tumble things around," and when she reached the parlour or drawing-room again, she could hardly resist the desire. Particularly was she tempted by a closed piano, that stood mutely against the wall. She thought she would open it just to see who was the maker. That done it would be no harm to try its tone. She did so, with one little foot on the soft pedal. But Miss Milly was too good a player, and too enthusiastic a musician to stop at half measures. She tried it again—this time so sincerely that the whole house seemed to spring into voice. Then she stopped and listened. There was no response—the empty rooms seemed to have relapsed into their old stillness. She stepped out on the verandah—a woodpecker recommenced his tapping on an adjacent tree, the rattle of a cart in the rocky gulch below the hill came faintly up. No one was to be seen far or near. Miss Milly, reassured, returned. She again ran her fingers over the keys—stopped, caught at a melody running in her mind, half played it, and then threw away all caution. Before five minutes had elapsed she had entirely forgotten herself, and with her linen duster thrown aside, her straw hat flung on the piano, her white hands bared, and a black loop of her braided hair hanging upon her shoulder, was fairly embarked upon a flowing sea of musical recollection.

She had played perhaps half an hour, when, having just finished an elaborate symphony and resting her hands on the keys, she heard very distinctly and unmistakably the sound of applause from without. In an instant the fires of shame and indignation leaped into her cheeks, and she rose from the instrument and ran to the window only in time to catch sight of a dozen figures in blue and red flannel shirts vanishing hurriedly through the trees below.

Miss Milly's mind was instantly made up. I think I have already intimated that under the stimulus of excitement she was not wanting in courage, and as she quietly resumed her gloves, hat, and duster, she was not perhaps exactly the young person that it would be entirely safe for the timid, embarrassed, or in-

perienced of my sex to meet alone. She shut down the piano, and having carefully reclosed all the windows and doors, and restored the house to its former desolate condition, she stepped from the verandah and proceeded directly to the cabin of the unintellectual Hawkins, that reared its adobe chimney above the umbrage a quarter of a mile below.

The door opened instantly to her impulsive knock, and the Fool of Five Forks stood before her. Miss Milly had never before seen the man designated by this infelicitous title, and as he stepped backward in half courtesy and half astonishment she was for the moment disconcerted. He was tall, finely-formed, and dark-bearded. Above cheeks a little hollowed by care and ill health shone a pair of hazel eyes, very large, very gentle, but inexpressibly sad and mournful. This was certainly not the kind of man Miss Milly had expected to see, yet after her first embarrassment had passed, the very circumstance, oddly enough, added to her indignation, and stung her wounded pride still more deeply. Nevertheless the arch hypocrite instantly changed her tactics with the swift intuition of her sex.

"I have come," she said with a dazzling smile, infinitely more dangerous than her former dignified severity, "I have come to ask your pardon for a great liberty I have just taken. I believe the new house above us on the hill is yours. I was so much pleased with its exterior that I left my friends for a moment below here," she continued artfully, with a slight wave of the hand, as if indicating a band of fearless Amazons without, and waiting to avenge any possible insult offered to one of their number, "and ventured to enter it. Finding it unoccupied, as I had been told, I am afraid I had the audacity to sit down and amuse myself for a few moments at the piano—while waiting for my friends."

Hawkins raised his beautiful eyes to hers. He saw a very pretty girl, with frank, grey eyes glistening with excitement, with two red, slightly freckled cheeks glowing a little under his eyes, with a short scarlet upper lip turned back, like a rose leaf, over a little line of white teeth, as she breathed somewhat hurriedly in her nervous excitement. He saw all this calmly, quietly, and, save for the natural uneasiness of a shy, reticent man, I fear without a quickening of his pulse.

"I knowed it," he said, simply. "I heer'd ye as I kem up."

Miss Milly was furious at his grammar, his dialect, his coolness, and still more at the suspicion that he was an active member of her invisible *claque*.

"Ah," she said, still smiling, "then I think I heard you —"

"I reckon not," he interrupted gravely. "I didn't stay long. I found the boys hanging round the house, and I allowed at first I'd go in and kinder warn you, but they promised to keep still, and you looked so comfortable and wrapped up in your music, that I hadn't the heart to disturb you, and kem away. I hope," he added, earnestly, "they didn't let on ez they heerd you. The ain't a bad lot — them Blazin' Star boys — though they're a little hard at times. But they'd no more hurt ye then they would a — a — a cat!" continued Mr. Hawkins, blushing with a faint apprehension of the inelegance of his simile.

"No! no!" said Miss Milly, feeling suddenly very angry with herself, the Fool, and the entire male population of Five Forks. "No! I have behaved foolishly, I suppose — and if they *had* it would have served me right. But I only wanted to apologize to you. You will find everything as you left it. Good day!"

She turned to go. Mr. Hawkins began to feel embarrassed. "I'd have asked ye to sit down," he said, finally, "if it hed been a place fit for a lady. I oughter done so eny way. I don't know what kept me from it. But I ain't well, miss. Times I get a sort o' dumb ager — it's the ditches, I think, miss — and I don't seem to hev my wits about me."

Instantly Miss Arnot was all sympathy — her quick woman's heart was touched.

"Can I — can anything be done?" she asked, more timidly than she had before spoken.

"No! — not unless ye remember suthin' about these pills." He exhibited a box containing about half a dozen. "I forget the direction — I don't seem to remember much, any way, these times — they're Jones's Vegetable Compound. If ye've ever took 'em ye'll remember whether the reg'lar dose is eight. They ain't but six here. But perhaps ye never tuk any," he added, deprecatingly.

"No," said Milly, curtly. She had usually a keen sense of the ludicrous, but somehow Mr. Hawkins's eccentricity only pained her.

"Will you let me see you to the foot of the hill?" he said again, after another embarrassing pause.

Miss Arnot felt instantly that such an act would condone her trespass in the eyes of the world. She might meet some of her invisible admirers — or even her companions — and, with all her erratic impulses, she was nevertheless a woman, and did not entirely despise the verdict of conventionality. She smiled sweetly and assented, and in another moment the two were lost in the shadows of the wood.

Like many other apparently trivial acts in an uneventful life, it was decisive. As she expected, she met two or three of her late applauders, whom she fancied looked sheepish and embarrassed; she met also her companions looking for her in some alarm, who really appeared astonished at her escort, and she fancied, a trifle envious of her evident success. I fear that Miss Arnot, in response to their anxious inquiries, did not state entirely the truth, but, without actual assertion, led them to believe that she had at a very early stage of the proceeding completely subjugated this weak-minded giant, and had brought him triumphantly to her feet. From telling this story two or three times she got finally to believing that she had some foundation for it; then to a vague sort of desire that it would eventually prove to be true, and then to an equally vague yearning to hasten that consummation. That it would redound to any satisfaction of the Fool she did not stop to doubt. That it would cure him of his folly she was quite confident. Indeed, there are very few of us — men or women — who do not believe that even a hopeless love for ourselves is more conducive to the salvation of the lover than a requited affection for another.

The criticism of Five Forks was as the reader may imagine, swift and conclusive. When it was found out that Miss Arnot was not the Hag masquerading as a young and pretty girl, to the ultimate deception of Five Forks in general and the Fool in particular, it was at once decided that nothing but the speedy union of the Fool and the "pretty schoolmarm" was consistent with ordinary common sense. The singular good fortune of Hawkins was quite in accordance with the theory of his luck as propounded by the camp. That after the Hag failed to make her appearance he should "strike a lead" in his own house, without the trouble of "prospectin'," seemed to these casuists as a wonderful but inevitable law. To add to these fateful probabilities, Miss Arnot fell and sprained her ankle in the

ascent of Mount Lincoln, and was confined for some weeks to the hotel after her companions had departed. During this period Hawkins was civilly but grotesquely attentive. When, after a reasonable time had elapsed, there still appeared to be no immediate prospect of the occupancy of the new house, public opinion experienced a singular change in regard to its theories of Mr. Hawkins's conduct. The Hag was looked upon as a saint-like and long-suffering martyr to the weaknesses and inconsistency of the Fool. That, after erecting this new house at her request, he had suddenly "gone back" on her; that his celibacy was the result of a long habit of weak proposal and subsequent shameless rejection, and that he was now trying his hand on the helpless schoolmarm, was perfectly plain to Five Forks. That he should be frustrated in his attempts at any cost was equally plain. Miss Milly suddenly found herself invested with a rude chivalry that would have been amusing had it not been at times embarrassing; that would have been impertinent but for the almost superstitious respect with which it was proffered. Every day somebody from Five Forks rode out to inquire the health of the fair patient. "Hez Hawkins bin over yer to-day?" queried Tom Flynn, with artful ease and indifference, as he leaned over Miss Milly's easy chair on the verandah. Miss Milly, with a faint pink flush on her cheek, was constrained to answer, "No." "Well, he sorter sprained his foot agin a rock, yesterday," continued Flynn, with shameless untruthfulness. "You mus'n't think anything o' that, Miss Arnot. He'll be over yer to-morrer, and meantime he told me to hand this yer bookay with his re-gards, and this yer specimen!" And Mr. Flynn laid down the flowers he had picked *en route* against such an emergency, and presented respectfully a piece of quartz and gold which he had taken that morning from his own sluice-box. "You mus'n't mind Hawkins's ways, Miss Milly," said another sympathizing miner. "There ain't a better man in camp than that theer Cy Hawkins!—but he don't understand the ways o' the world with wimen. He hasn't mixed as much with society as the rest of us," he added, with an elaborate Chesterfieldian ease of manner; "but he means well." Meanwhile a few other sympathetic tunnel-men were impressing upon Mr. Hawkins the necessity of the greatest attention to the invalid. "It won't do, Haw-

kins," they explained, "to let that there gal go back to San Francisco and say that when she was sick and alone, the only man in Five Forks under whose roof she had rested, and at whose table she had sat"—this was considered a natural but pardonable exaggeration of rhetoric—"ever threw off on her; and it sha'n't be done. It ain't the square thing to Five Forks." And then the Fool would rush away to the valley, and be received by Miss Milly with a certain reserve of manner that finally disappeared in a flush of colour, some increased vivacity, and a pardonable coquetry. And so the days passed; Miss Milly grew better in health and more troubled in mind, and Mr. Hawkins became more and more embarrassed, and Five Forks smiled and rubbed its hands and waited for the approaching *dénouement*. And then it came. But not perhaps in the manner that Five Forks had imagined.

It was a lovely afternoon in July that a party of Eastern tourists rode into Five Forks. They had just "done" the "Valley of Big Things," and there being one or two Eastern capitalists among the party, it was deemed advisable that a proper knowledge of the practical mining resources of California should be added to their experience of the merely picturesque in nature. Thus far everything had been satisfactory; the amount of water which passed over the fall was large, owing to a backward season; some snow still remained in the cañons near the highest peaks; they had ridden round one of the biggest trees, and through the prostrate trunk of another. To say that they were delighted is to express feebly the enthusiasm of these ladies and gentlemen, drunk with the champagne hospitality of their entertainers, the utter novelty of scene, and the dry, exhilarating air of the valley. One or two had already expressed themselves ready to live and die there; another had written a glowing account to the Eastern press, depreciating all other scenery in Europe and America; and under these circumstances it was reasonably expected that Five Forks would do its duty, and equally impress the stranger after its own fashion.

Letters to this effect were sent from San Francisco by prominent capitalists there, and under the able superintendence of one of their agents, the visitors were taken in hand, shown "what was to be seen," carefully restrained from ob-

serving what ought not to be visible, and so kept in a blissful and enthusiastic condition. And so the graveyard of Five Forks, in which but two of the occupants had died natural deaths, the dreary, ragged cabins on the hillsides, with their sad-eyed, cynical, broken-spirited occupants, toiling on, day by day, for a miserable pittance and a fare that a self-respecting Eastern mechanic would have scornfully rejected, were not a part of the Eastern visitors' recollection. But the hoisting-works and machinery of the Blazing Star Tunnel Company were—the Blazing Star Tunnel Company, whose "gentlemanly superintendent" had received private information from San Francisco to do the "proper thing" for the party. Wherefore the valuable heaps of ore in the company's works were shown, the oblong bars of gold—ready for shipment—were playfully offered to the ladies who could lift and carry them away unaided, and even the tunnel itself, gloomy, fateful, and peculiar, was shown as part of the experience; and, in the noble language of one correspondent, "the wealth of Five Forks and the peculiar inducements that it offered to Eastern capitalist, were established beyond a doubt." And then occurred a little incident which, as an unbiassed spectator, I am free to say offered no inducements to anybody whatever, but which, for its bearing upon the central figure of this veracious chronicle, I cannot pass over.

It had become apparent to one or two more practical and sober-minded in the party that certain portions of the Blazing Star Tunnel—owing, perhaps, to the exigencies of a flattering annual dividend—were economically and imperfectly "shored" and supported, and were consequently unsafe, insecure, and to be avoided. Nevertheless, at a time when champagne corks were popping in dark corners, and enthusiastic voices and happy laughter rang through the half-lighted levels and galleries, there came a sudden and mysterious silence. A few lights dashed swiftly by in the direction of a distant part of the gallery, and then there was a sudden sharp issuing of orders and a dull ominous rumble. Some of the visitors turned pale—one woman fainted!

Something had happened. What? "Nothing"—the speaker is fluent but uneasy—"one of the gentlemen in trying to dislodge a 'specimen' from the wall had knocked away a support. There

had been a 'cave'—the gentleman was caught and buried below his shoulders. It was all right—they'd get him out in a moment—only it required great care to keep from extending the 'cave.' Didn't know his name—it was that little man—the husband of that lively lady with the black eyes. Eh! Hullo there! Stop her. For God's sake!—not that way! She'll fall from that shaft. She'll be killed!"

But the lively lady was already gone. With staring black eyes, imploringly trying to pierce the gloom, with hands and feet that sought to batter and break down the thick darkness, with incoherent cries and supplications, following the moving of *ignis fatuus* lights ahead, she ran, and ran swiftly! Ran over treacherous foundations, ran by yawning gulfs, ran past branching galleries and arches, ran wildly, ran despairingly, ran blindly, and at last ran into the arms of the Fool of Five Forks.

In an instant she caught at his hand. "Oh, save him!" she cried; "you belong here—you know this dreadful place; bring me to him. Tell me where to go and what to do, I implore you! Quick, he is dying. Come!"

He raised his eyes to hers, and then, with a sudden cry, dropped the rope and crowbar he was carrying, and reeled against the wall.

"Annie!" he gasped, slowly, "is it you?"

She caught at both his hands, brought her face to his with staring eyes, murmured, "Good God, Cyrus!" and sank upon her knees before him.

He tried to disengage the hand that she wrung with passionate entreaty.

"No, no! Cyrus, you will forgive me—you will forget the past! God has sent you here to-day. You will come with me. You will—you must—save him!"

"Save who?" cried Cyrus hoarsely.

"My husband!"

The blow was so direct—so strong and overwhelming—that even through her own stronger and more selfish absorption she saw it in the face of the man, and pitied him.

"I thought—you—knew—it!" she faltered.

He did not speak, but looked at her with fixed, dumb eyes. And then the sound of distant voices and hurrying feet started her again into passionate life. She once more caught his hand.

"O Cyrus! hear me! If you have

loved me through all these years, you will not fail me now. You must save him! You can! You are brave and strong — you always were, Cyrus! You will save him, Cyrus, for my sake — for the sake of your love for me! You will — I know it! God bless you!"

She rose as if to follow him, but at a gesture of command she stood still. He picked up the rope and crowbar slowly, and in a dazed, blinded way that, in her agony of impatience and alarm, seemed protracted to cruel infinity. Then he turned, and raising her hand to his lips, kissed it slowly, looked at her again — and the next moment was gone.

He did not return. For at the end of the next half-hour, when they laid before her the half-conscious, breathing body of her husband, safe and unharmed but for exhaustion and some slight bruises, she learned that the worst fears of the workmen had been realized. In releasing him a second "cave" had taken place. They had barely time to snatch away the helpless body of her husband before the strong frame of his rescuer, Cyrus Hawkins, was struck and smitten down in his place.

For two hours he lay there, crushed and broken-limbed, with a heavy beam lying across his breast, in sight of all, conscious and patient. For two hours they had laboured around him, wildly, despairingly, hopefully, with the wills of gods and the strength of giants, and at the end of that time they came to an upright timber, which rested its base upon the beam. There was a cry for axes, and one was already swinging in the air, when the dying man called to them, feebly.

"Don't cut that upright!"

"Why?"

"It will bring down the whole gallery with it."

"How?"

"It's one of the foundations of my house."

The axe fell from the workman's hand, and with a blanched face he turned to his fellows. It was too true. They were in the uppermost gallery, and the "cave" had taken place directly below the new house. After a pause the Fool spoke again more feebly.

"The lady! — quick."

They brought her — a wretched, fainting creature, with pallid face and streaming eyes — and fell back as she bent her face above him.

"It was built for you, Annie, darling,"

he said in a hurried whisper, "and has been waiting up there for you and me all these long days. It's deeded to you, Annie, and you must — live there — with him! He will not mind that I shall be always near you — for it stands above — my grave!"

And he was right. In a few minutes later, when he had passed away, they did not move him, but sat by his body all night with a torch at his feet and head. And the next day they walled up the gallery as a vault, but they put no mark or any sign thereon, trusting rather to the monument that, bright and cheerful, rose above him in the sunlight of the hill. And they who heard the story said: "This is not an evidence of death and gloom and sorrow, as are other monuments, but is a sign of life and light and hope; wherefore shall all know that he who lies under it — is what men call a Fool!"

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ALICE LORRAINE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.

CHAPTER XLII.

ALONG the northern brow and bend of the Sussex hills, the winter lingers, and the spring wakes slowly. The children of the southern slope, towards Worthing and West Tarring, have made their cowslip balls, and pranked their hats and hair with blue-bells, before their little northern cousins have begun to nurse and talk to, and then pull to pieces, their cuckoo-pint, and potentilla, dead-nettle, and meadow crowfoot.

The daffodil that comes and "takes the winds of March with beauty," here reserves that charming capture for the early breeze of May; for still the "black-thorn winter" buffets the folds of chilly April's cloak, and the hail-fringed mantle of wan sunlight. This is the time when a man may say, "Hurrah! Here is summer come at last, I verily do believe. For goodness' sake, wife, give us air, and take those 'hot things from the children's necks. If you want me, I shall be in the bower, having a jolly pipe at last." And then by the time all the windows are open, and the little ones are proud to show their necks and the scratches of their pins, in rushes papa, with his coat buttoned over, and his pipe put out by hail.

None the less for all that, the people

who like to see things moving — though it be but slowly — have opportunity now of watching small delights that do them good. How trees, and shrubs, and plants, and even earth and stone, begin to feel the difference coming over them. How little points, all black one day, and as hard as the tip of a rook's bill the next time of looking at them, show a little veiny shining. And then as the people come home from church, and are in their most observant humour, after long confinement, a little child finds a real leaf (most likely of an elder-tree) and many young faces crowd around it; while the old men, having seen too many springs, plod on and doubt this for a bad one.

Much of this had been done, with slow advance from Sunday to Sunday, and the hedges began to be feathered with green, and the meadows to tuft where the good stuff lay, and the corn in the gloss of the sun to glisten; when everybody came out of church one Sunday before Pentecost. The church was that which belonged to the Rev. Struan Hales (in his own opinion), and so did the congregation, and so did everything except the sermon. And now the rector remained in the vestry, with his favourite daughter Cecil, to help him off with his "academicals," and to put away his comb.

"I hope your mother will be quick, my dear;" said the parson, stooping his broad shoulders, as his daughter tugged at him; "she cannot walk as she used, you know; and for the last half-hour I have been shuddering and trembling about our first fore-quarter."

"I saw that you were uncomfortable, papa, just as you were giving out your text. You seemed to smell something burning, didn't you?"

"Exactly!" said the rector, gazing with surprise at his clever and queer Cecil. "Now how could you tell? I am sure I hope none of the congregation were up to it. But *qd.* a pound is no joke for the father of three hungry daughters."

"And with a good appetite of his own, papa. Well, I'll tell you how I knew it. You have a peculiar way of lifting your nose when the meat is too near the fire, as it always is with our new cook; and then you looked out of that round-arched window, as if you expected to see some smoke."

"Lift my nose, indeed!" answered the rector; "I shall lift something else; I shall lift your lips, if you laugh at your poor old father so. And I never shaved this morning, because of Sir Remnant's

dinner-party to-morrow. There, what do you think of that, Miss Impudence?"

"Oh papa, what a shameful beard! You preached about the stubble being all burned up; perhaps because you were thinking of our lamb. But I do declare you have got as much left as Farmer Gate's very largest field. But talking about Sir Remnant, did you see who skulked into church in the middle of the anthem, and sate behind the gallery pillar, in one of the labourers' free seats?"

"No, I did not. You ought to be ashamed of looking about in church so, Cecil. Nothing escapes you, except the practical application of my doctrine."

"Well, papa, now, you must have been stupid, or had your whole mind upon our new cook, if you didn't see Captain Chapman!"

"Captain Chapman!" cried the rector, with something which in any other place would have been profane; "why, what in the world could he want here? He never came to hear me; that's certain."

"No, papa; nor to hear anything at all. He came to stare at poor Alice all the time; and to plague her with his escort home, I fear."

"The poor child, with that ungodly scamp! Who were in the servant's pew! I know pretty well; but you are sure to know better."

"Oh, not even one of the trusty people. Neither the old butler, nor Mrs. Pipkins, nor even Mrs. Merryjack. Only that conceited 'Mister Trotman,' as he calls himself, and his under 'footman,' as he calls the lad; and three or four flirty housemaids."

"A guinea will send them all round the other way; and then he will pester Alice all the way back. Run home, that's a dear, you are very quick of foot; and put the lamb back yourself nine inches; and tell Jem to saddle Maggie quick as lightning, and put my hunting-crop at the green gate, and have Maggie there; and let your mother know that sudden business calls me away to Coombe Lorraine."

"Why, papa, you quite frighten me! As if Alice could not take care of herself!"

"I have seen more of the world than you have, child. Do as I order you, and don't argue. Stop, take the meadow way, to save making any stir in the village. I shall walk slowly, and be at the gate by the time you have the pony there."

Cecil Hales, without another word, went out of the vestry door to a stile

leading from the churchyard into a meadow, and thence by an easy gap in a hedge she got into the rectory shrubbery.

"Just my luck," said the rector to himself, as he took to the rambling village street, to show himself as usual. "The two things I hate most are a row, and the ruin of a good dinner. Hashes and cold meat ever since Wednesday; and now when a real good joint is browning—oh, confound it all!—I quite forgot the asparagus—the first I have cut, and as thick as my thumb! Now if I only had Mabel Lovejoy here! I do hope they'll have the sense not to put it on; but I can't very well tell Jem about it; it will look so mollyish. Can I send a note in? Yes, I can. The fellow can't read; that is one great comfort."

No sooner said than done; he tore out the fly-leaf of his sermon, and under his text, inculcating the duty of Christian vigilance, wrote in pencil, "Whatever you do, don't put on the asparagus."

This he committed to the care of Jem; and then grasping his hunting-whip steadfastly, he rode up the lane, with Maggie neighing at this unaccustomed excursion. For horses know Sunday as well as men do, and a great deal better.

Struan Hales was a somewhat headlong man; as most men of kind heart, and quick but not very large understanding, are apt to be. Like most people of strong prejudices, he was also of strong impulses; for the lowest form of prejudice is not common—the abstract one, and the negative. His common sense and his knowledge of the world might have assured him that Captain Chapman would do nothing to hurt or even to offend young Alice. And yet, because he regarded Stephen with inveterate dislike, he really did for the moment believe it his duty thus to ride after him.

Meanwhile the gallant and elegant captain had done at least one thing according to the rector's anticipation. By laying a guinea in Trotman's palm, he had sent all the servants home over the hill, and thus secured for himself a private walk with his charmer along the lane that winds so prettily under the high land. Now his dress was enough to win the heart of any rustic damsel, and as he passed the cottage doors, all the children said, "Oh my!" This pleased him greatly, and could not have added less than an inch to his stature, and less than a pound to the weight of his heel at each strut. This proves that he was not a thorough villain; for thorough villains

attach no importance to the opinion of children.

Unaware of the enemy in advance, Alice walked through the little village, with her aunt and two cousins, as usual; and she said "good-bye" to them at the rectory gate; knowing that they wanted to please her uncle with his early Sunday dinner. Country parsons, unless they are of a highly distinguished order, like to dine at half past one very punctually on a Sunday. Throughout the week (when they shoot or fish, or ride to hounds, &c.) they manage to retard their hunger to five, or even six o'clock. On Sunday it is healthily otherwise. A sinking feeling begins to set in about half-way through the sermon. And why? In an eloquent period, the parson looks round, to infect his congregation. He forgets for the moment that he is but a unit, while his hearers are an hundred-fold. What happens? All humanity is, at eloquent moments, contagious, sensitive, impressible. A hundred people in the church have got their dinner coming on at one o'clock; they are thinking of it, they are dwelling on the subject; and the hundred and first, the parson himself, (without knowing it, very likely, and even while seven heavens above it) receives the recoil of his own emotions, in epidemic appetite.

That may be all wrong of course, even unsacerdotal, or unscientific (until the subject is tabulated); but facts have large bones; and the fact stands thus. Alice Lorraine was aware of it, though without any scent of the reason; so she kissed her aunt and cousins two—Cecil being (as hath been seen) in clerical attendance—and lightly went her homeward way. She stopped for a minute at Nanny Stilgoe's, to receive the usual grumbling sauced with the inevitable ingratitude. And then, supposing the servants to be no very great distance before her, she took to the lonely Ashwood Lane, with a quick light step, as usual.

Presently she came to a place where the lane dipped suddenly into the hollow of a dry old watercourse—the course of the Woeburn, according to tradition, if anybody could believe it. There was now not a thread of open water; but a little dampness, and a crust of mud, as if some underground duct were anxious to maintain user of its right of way. By the side of the lane, an old oak-trunk, (stretched high above the dip, and furnished with a broken handrail) showed that there must have been something to

cross; though nobody now could remember it. In this hollow lurked the captain, placid and self-contented, and regarding with much apparent zest a little tuft of forget-me-not.

Alice, though startled for a moment by this unexpected encounter, could not help smiling at the ill-matched brilliance of her suitor's apparel. He looked like a smaller but far more costly edition of Mr. Bottler, except that his waistcoat was of crimson taffety, with a rolling collar of lace; and instead of white stockings, he displayed gold-buttoned vamplets of orange velvet. Being loath to afford him the encouragement of a smile, the young lady turned away her face as she bowed, and with no other salutation continued her homeward course, at a pace which certainly was not slower. But Stephen Chapman came forth, and met her with that peculiar gaze which would have been insolent from a more powerful man, but as proceeding from a little dandy bore rather the impress of impudence.

"Miss Lorraine, you will not refuse me the honour of escorting you to your home. This road is lonely. There still are highwaymen. One was on the Brighton road last week. I took the liberty of thinking, or rather, perhaps, I should say of hoping, that you might not altogether object to a military escort."

"Thank you," said Alice; "you are very kind; but I have not the least fear; and our servants are not very far away, I know. They have orders to keep near me."

"They must have mistaken your route, I think. I am rather famous for long sight; and I saw the Lorraine livery just now going up the footpath that crosses the hill."

Alice was much perplexed at this. She by no means enjoyed the prospect of a long and secluded walk in the company of this gallant officer. And yet her courage would not allow her to retrace her steps, and cross the hill; neither could she well affront him so; for much as she disliked this man, she must treat him as any other lady would.

"I am much obliged to you, Captain Chapman," she answered as graciously as she could; "but really no kind of escort is wanted, either military or civilian, in a quiet country road like this, where everybody knows me. And perhaps it will be more convenient for you to call on my father in the afternoon. He is always glad when you can stay to dinner."

"No, thank you; I must dine at home

to-day. I wish to see Sir Roland this morning, if I may. And surely I may accompany you on your way home; now, may I not?"

"Oh yes," she answered with a little sigh, as there seemed to be no help for it; but she determined to make the captain walk at a speed which should be quite a novelty to him.

"Dear me, Miss Lorraine! I had no idea that you were such a walker. Why, this must be what we call in the army 'double-quick march' almost. Too fast almost to keep the ranks unbroken, when we charge the enemy."

"How very dreadful!" cried Alice, with a little grimace, which greatly charmed the captain. "May I ask you one particular favour?"

"You can ask none;" he replied, with his hand laid on his crimson waistcoat; "or to put it more clearly, to ask a favour, is to confer a greater one."

"How very kind you are! You know that my dear brother Hilary is in the thick of very, very sad fighting. And I thought that perhaps you would not mind (as a military escort), describing exactly how you felt when first you charged the enemy."

"The deuce must be in the girl," thought the captain; "and yet she looks so innocent. It can be only an accident. But she is too sharp to be romanced with."

"Miss Lorraine," he answered, "I belonged to the Guards; whose duty lies principally at home. I have never been in action."

"Oh, I understand; then you do not know what a sad thing real fighting is. Poor Hilary! We are most anxious about him. We have seen his name in the despatches; and we know that he was wounded. But neither he, nor Major Clumps (a brave officer in his regiment), has sent us a line since it happened."

"He was first through the breach at Badajos.* He has covered himself with glory."

"We know it," said Alice, with tears in her eyes; and for a moment she liked the

* Upon the appearance of Part VII. we received a letter from a distinguished Peninsular officer, Major-General Sir Pons Asinorum. The general denounced us, with more vigour perhaps than courtesy, for "shamefully falsifying facts." Sir Pons himself was the first through the breach, and his brother, Sir Fitz, close after him. If Lieut. Lorraine was THREE AT ALL, he was several yards behind them. Our error was being corrected, when lo! the next post brought us six more letters from six gallant officers, each of whom had been first, and not one of them had seen the others, nor even General Asinorum there! We immediately wrote *stet*.

captain. "But if he has covered himself with wounds, what is the good of the glory?"

"A most sensible question," Chapman answered, and fell once more to zero in the opinion of his charmer. With all the contempt that can be expressed by silence, when speech is expected, she kept on so briskly towards Bonny's castle, that her suitor (who, in spite of all martial bearing, walked in the manner of a pigeon) became hard set to keep up with her.

"The view from this spot is so lovely," he said, "I must really beg you to sit down a little. Surely we need not be in such a hurry."

"The air is chilly, and I must not loiter. My father has a bad headache to-day. That was the reason he was not at church."

"Then surely he can be in no hurry for his luncheon. I have so many things to say to you. And you really give me quite a pain in my side."

"Oh, I am so sorry! I beg your pardon. I never could have thought that I was doing that. Rest a little, and you will be better."

The complaint would have been as a joke passed over, if it had come from anybody else. But she knew that the captain was not strong in his lungs, or his heart, or anything; therefore she allowed him to sit down, while she stood and gazed back through the Ashwood Lane, fringed, and arched, and dappled by the fluttering approach of spring.

"The beautiful gazing at the beautiful!" said Chapman, with his eyes so fixed as to receive his view of the landscape (if at all) by deputy. And truly his judgment was correct. For Alice, now in perfect health, with all the grace of young vigour and the charm of natural quickness, and a lovely face, and calm eyes beaming, not with the bright uncertain blue (that flashing charm of poor Hilary), but the grand ash-coloured grey — the tint that deepens with the depth of life, and holds more love than any other — Alice, in a word, was something for a man to look at. The greatest man that ever was born of a woman, and knew what women are, as well as what a man is; the only one who ever combined the knowledge of both sexes; the one true poet of all ages (compared with whom all other poets are but shallow surfaces), nature's most loving and best-loved child, — even he would have looked at Alice,

with those large sad loving eyes, and found her good to dwell upon.

The captain (though he bore the name of a great and grossly neglected poet) had not in him so much as half a pennyweight of poetry. He looked upon Alice as a handsome girl of good birth and good abilities, who might redeem him from his evil ways, and foster him, and make much of him. He knew that she was far above him, "in mind, and views, and all that sort of thing;" and he liked her all the more for that, because it would save him trouble.

"Do let me say a few words to you," he began with his most seductive and insinuating glance (for he really had fine eyes, as many weak and wanton people have); you are apt to be hard on me, Miss Lorraine, while all the time my first desire is to please, and serve, and gratify you."

"You are very kind, I am sure, Captain Chapman. I don't know what I have done to deserve it."

"Alas!" he answered with a sigh, which relieved him, because he was much pinched in, as well as a good deal out of breath, for his stays were tighter than the maiden's. "Alas! Is it possible that you have not seen the misery you have caused me?"

"Yes, I know that I have been very rude. I have walked too fast for you. I beg your pardon, Captain Chapman. I will not do so any more."

"I did not mean that; I assure you, I didn't. I would climb the Andes or the Himalayas, only to win one smile from you."

"I fear that I should smile many times," said Alice, now smiling wickedly, "if I could only have a telescope — still I should be so sorry for you. They are much worse than the Southdown hills."

"There, you are laughing at me again! You are so clever, Miss Lorraine; you give me no chance to say anything."

"I am not clever; I am very stupid. And you always say more than I do."

"Well, of course — of course I do; until you come to know me. After that, I always listen; because the ladies have more to say. And they say it so much better."

"Is that so?" said Alice, thinking, while the captain showed his waist, as he arose and shook himself, "It may be so: he may be right; he seems to have some very good ideas." He saw that she thought more kindly of him; and that his

proper course with her was to play humility. He had never known what pure love was ; he had lessened his small capacity for it, by his loose and wicked life ; but in spite of all that, for the first time Alice began to inspire him with it. This is a grand revolution in the mind, or the heart, of a "man of pleasure ;" the result may save him even yet (if a purer nature master him) from that deadliest foe, himself. And the best (or the worst of it) is that if a kind, and fresh, and warm, and lofty-minded girl believes herself to have gained any power of doing good in the body of some low reprobate, sweet interest, Christian hankerings, and the feminine love of paradoxes, succeed the legitimate disgust. Alice, however, was not of a weak, impulsive, and slavish nature. And she wholly disdained this Stephen Chapman.

"Now, I hope that you will not hurry yourself," she said to the pensive captain ; "the real hill begins as soon as we are round the corner. I must walk fast, because my father will be looking out for me. Perhaps, if you kindly are coming to our house, you would like to come more at your leisure, sir."

Stephen Chapman looked at her — not as he used to look, as if she were only a pretty girl to him — but with some new feeling, quite as if he were afraid to answer her. His dull, besotted, and dissolute manner of regarding women lay for the moment under a shock ; and he wondered what he was about. And none of his stock speeches came, to help him — or to hurt him — until Alice was round the corner.

"Holloa, Chapman ! what are you about ? Why, you look like one of Botler's pigs, when they run about with their throats cut ! Where is my niece ? What have you been doing ?" The rector drew up his pony sharply ; and was ready to seize poor Stephen by the throat.

"You need not be in such a hurry, parson," said Captain Chapman, recovering himself. "Miss Lorraine is going up the hill a great deal faster than I can go."

"I know what a dissolute dog you are," cried the parson, smoking with indignation at having spoiled his Sunday dinner, and made a scene for nothing. "You forced me to ride after you, sir. What do you mean by this sort of thing ?"

"Mr. Hales, I have no idea what you mean. You seem to be much excited. Pray oblige me with the reason."

"The reason indeed ! when I know

what you are ! Two nice good girls as ever lived, you have stolen out of my gallery, sir ; and covered my parish with shame, sir. And are you fit to come near my niece ? I have not told Sir Roland of it, only for your father's sake ; but now I will tell him, and quiet as he is, how long do you suppose he will be in kicking you down the Coombe, sir ?"

"Come now ;" said Stephen, having long been proof against righteous indignation ; "you must be well aware, rector, that the whole of that ancient scandal was scattered to the winds, and I emerged quite blameless."

"Indeed I know nothing of the sort. You did what money could do — however, it's some time back ; and perhaps I had better have let an old story — Camerina — eh, what is it ? On the other hand, if only —"

"Rector, you always mean aright, though you may be sometimes ungenerous. In your magnificent sermon to-day, what did you say ? Why, you said distinctly, in a voice that came all round the pillars — 'There is mercy for him that repenteth.'"

"To be sure I did, and I meant it too ; but I meant mercy up above, not in my own parish, Stephen. I can't have any mercy in my own parish."

"Let us say no more about it, sir ; I am not a very young man now, and my great desire is to settle down. I now have the honour of loving your niece, as I never loved any one before. And I put it to you in a manly way, and as one of my father's most valued friends, whether you have anything to say against it."

"You mean to say that you really want to settle down with Alice ! A girl of half your age and ten times your power of life ! Come, Stephen !"

"Well, sir, I know that I am not in as vigorous health as you are. You will walk me down, no doubt, when we come to shoot together on my father's land ; but still, all I want is a little repose, and country life, and hunting ; a little less of the clubs, and high play, and the company of the P. R., who makes us pay so hard for his friendship. I wish to leave all these bad things — once for all to shake them off — and to get a good wife to keep me straight, until my dear father dies. And the moment I marry I shall start a new hunt, and cut out poor Lord Unicorn, who does not know a foxhound from a beagle. This country is most shamefully hunted now."

"It is, my dear Stephen ; it is indeed.

It puts me to the blush every time I go out. Really there is good sense in what you say. There is plenty of room for another pack; and I think I could give you some sound advice."

"I should act entirely, sir, by your opinion. Horses I understand pretty well; but as to hounds, I should never pretend to hold a candle to my uncle Hales."

"Ah, my dear boy, I could soon show you the proper way to go to work. The stamp of dog we want is something of this kind ——"

The rector leaned over Maggie's neck, and took the captain by the button-hole, and fondly inditing of so good a matter, he delivered a discourse which was too learned and confidential to be reported rashly. And Stephen hearkened so well and wisely that Mr. Hales formed a better opinion than he ever before had held of him, and began to doubt whether it might not be a sensible plan in such times as these, to close the ranks of the sober thinkers and knit together all well-affected, stanch, and loyal interests, by an alliance between the two chief houses of the neighbourhood — the one of long lineage, and the other of broad lands; and this would be all the more needful now, if Hilary was to make a mere love-match.

But in spite of all wisdom, Mr. Hales was full of strong warm feelings; and loving his niece as he did, and despising in his true heart Stephen Chapman, and having small faith in converted rakes, he resolved to be neutral for the present; and so rode home to his dinner.

CHAPTER XLIII.

IF any man has any people who ought to care about him, and is not sure how far they exert their minds in his direction, to bring the matter to the mark, let him keep deep silence when he is known to be in danger. The test, as human nature goes, is perhaps a trifle hazardous, at any rate when tried against that existence of the wiry order which is called the masculine; but against the softer and better portion of the human race — the kinder half — whose beauty is the absence of stern reason, this bitter test (if strongly urged) is sure to fetch out something; at least, of course, if no suspicion arises of a touchstone. Wherefore now there were three persons, all of the better sex, in much discomfort about Hilary.

Of these, the first was his excellent grandmother, Lady Valeria Lorraine,

whose mind (though fortified with Plowden, and even the strong Fortescue) was much amiss about his being dead, and perhaps "incremated," leaving for evidence not even circumstantial ashes. Proof of this, however invalid, would have caused her great distress — for she really loved and was proud of the youth; but the absence of proof, and the probability of its perpetual absence (for to prove a man dead is to prove a negative, according to recent philosophers), as well as the prospect of complications after the simplest solution, kept this admirable lady's ever active mind in more activity than was good for it.

The second of the three who fretted with anxiety and fear was Hilary's young sister Alice. Proud as she was of birth, and position, and spotless honour, and all good things, her brother's life was more precious to her than any of those worldly matters. She knew that he was rash and headlong, too good-natured, and even childish, when compared with men of the world. But she loved him all the more for that; and being herself of a stronger will, had grown (without any sense thereof) into a needful championship and vigilance for his good repute. And this, of course, endeared him more, and made her regard him as a martyr, sinned against, but sinless.

But of all these three the third was the saddest, and most hard to deal with. Faith in Providence supports the sister, or even the mother of a man — whenever there is fair play for it — but it seems to have no *locus standi* in the heart of his sweetheart. That delicate young apparatus (always moving up and down, and as variable as the dewpoint) is ever ready to do its best, and tells itself so, and consoles itself, and then from reason quoted wholesale, breaks into petty unassorted samples of absurdity.

In this condition, without a dream of jealousy or disloyalty, Mabel Lovejoy waited long, and wondered, hoped, despaired, and fretted, and then worked hard, and hoped again. She had no one to trust her troubles to, no cheerful and consoling voice to argue and grow angry with, and prove against it how absurd it was to speak of comfort, and yet to be imbibing comfort, even while resenting it. Her mother would not say a word, although she often longed to speak, because she thought it wise and kind to let the matter die away. While Hilary was present, or at any rate in England, Mrs. Lovejoy had yielded to the romance of

these young doings; but now that he was far away, and likely in every weekly journal to be returned as killed and buried, the Kentish dame, as a sensible woman, preferred the charm of a bird in the hand.

Of these there were at least half a dozen ensnared and ready to be caged for life, if Mabel would only have them; and two of them could not be persuaded that her nay meant anything; for one possessed the mother's yea, and the other that of the father.

The suitor favoured by Mrs. Lovejoy was a young physician at Maidstone, Dr. Daniel Calvert, a man of good birth and connections, and having prospects of good fortune. The Grower, on the other hand, had now found out the very son-in-law he wanted—Elias Jenkins, a steady young fellow, the son of a maltster at Sevenoaks, who had bought all the barley of Old Applewood farm for forty years and upwards. Elias was terribly smitten with Mabel, and suddenly found quite a vigorous joy in the planting and pruning of fruit-trees, and rode over almost every day, throughout both March and April, to take lessons, as he said, in grafting and training pears, and planting cherries, and various other branches of the gentle craft of gardening. Of course the Grower could do no less than offer him dinner, at every visit, in spite of Mrs. Lovejoy's frowns; and Elias, with a smiling face and blushing cheeks, would bring his chair as close as he could to Mabel's, and do his best in a hearty way to make himself agreeable. And in this he succeeded so far, that his angel did not in the least dislike him; but to think of him twice after Hilary was such an insult to all intelligence! The maiden would have liked the maltster a great deal better than she did, if only he would have dropped his practice of "popping the question" before he left every Saturday afternoon. But he knew that Sunday is a dangerous day; and as he could not well come grafting then, he thought it safer to keep a place in her thoughts until the Monday.

"Try her again, lad," the Grower used to say. "Odds, bobs, my boy, don't run away from her. Young gals must be watched for, and caught on the hop. If they won't say 'yes' before dinner, have at them again in the afternoon, and get them into the meadows, and then go on again after supper-time. Some take the courting kindest of a morning, and some

at meal-time, and some by the moonlight."

"Well, sir, I have tried her in all sorts of ways, and she won't say 'yes' to one of them. I begin to be tired of Saturdays now. I have a great mind to try of a Friday."

"Ay!" cried the Grower, looking at him, as the author of a great discovery. "Sure enough now, try on Fridays—market-day, as I am a man!"

"Well, now, to think of that!" said Elias; "what a fool I must have been to keep on so with Saturday! The mistress goes against me, I know; and that always tells up with the maidens. But I must have something settled, squire, before next malting season."

"You shall, you shall indeed, my lad; you may take my word for it. That only stands to reason. Shillyshally is a game I hate; and no daughter of mine shall play at it. But I blame you more than her, my boy. You don't know how to manage them. Take them by the horns. There is nothing like taking them by the horns, you know."

"Yes, to be sure; if one only knew the proper way to do it, sir. But missie slips away so quick like; I never can get hold of her. And then the mistress has that fellow Calvert over here almost every Sunday."

"Aha!" cried the Grower, with a knowing wink, "that is her little game, is it now? That is why she has aches and pains, and such a very sad want of tone, and failure of power in her leaders! Leave it to me, lad—that you may—I'll soon put a stop to that. A pill-grinder at Applewood farm, indeed! But I did not know you was jealous!"

"Jealous! No, no, sir; I scorn the action. But when there are two, you know, why, it makes it not half so nice for one, you know."

Squire Lovejoy, however, soon discovered that he had been a little too confident in pledging himself to keep the maltster's rival off the premises. For Mrs. Lovejoy, being a very resolute woman in a little way, at once began to ache all over, and so effectually to groan, that instead of having the doctor once a week, she was obliged to have him at least three times. And it was not very long before the young physician's advice was sought for a still more interesting patient.

For the daughter and prime delight of the house, the bright sweet-tempered

Mabel, instead of freshening with the spring, and budding with new roses, began to get pale, and thin, and listless, and to want continually to go to church, and not to care about her dinner. Her eagerness for divine service, however, could only be gratified on Sundays: for the practice of reading the prayers to the pillars twelve times a week was not yet in vogue. The novelty, therefore, of Mabel's desire made the symptom all the more alarming; and her father perceived that so strong a case called peremptorily for medical advice. But she, for a long time, did nothing but quote against himself his own opinion of the professors of the healing art; while she stoutly denied the existence on her part of any kind of malady. And so, for a while, she escaped the doctor.

Meanwhile she was fighting very bravely with deep anxiety and long suspense. And the struggle was the more forlorn, and wearisome, and low-hearted, because she must battle it out in silence, with none to sympathize, and (worse than that) with everybody condemning her mutely for the conflict. Her father had a true and hearty liking for young Lorraine, preferring him greatly — so far as mere feeling went — to the maltster. But his views for his daughter were different, and he thought it high time that her folly should pass. Her mother, on the other hand, would have rejoiced to see her the wife of Hilary; but had long made up her mind that he would never return alive from Spain, and that Mabel might lose the best years of her life in waiting for a doomed soldier. Gregory Lovejoy alone was likely to side with his sister for the sake of Lorraine, the friend whom he admired so much; and Gregory had transmitted to her sweet little messages and loving words till the date of the capture of Badajos. But this one comforter and loyal friend was far away from her all this time, having steadfastly eaten his way to the bar, and received his lofty vocation. Thereupon Lovejoy paid five guineas for his wig, and a guinea for the box thereof, gave a frugal but pleasant "call party," and being no way ashamed of his native county, or his father's place therein, sturdily shouldered the ungrateful duties of "junior," on the home circuit. Of course he did not expect a brief, until his round was trodden well; but he never failed to be in court; and his pleasant temper and obliging ways soon began to win him friends. His mother was delighted with all this;

but the franklin grumbled heavily at the bags he had to fill with money, to be scattered, as he verily believed, among the senior lawyers.

Now the summer assizes were held at Maidstone about the beginning of July; and Gregory had sent word from London, by John Shorne, that he must be there, and would spend one night at home, if his father would send a horse for him, by the time when his duties were over. His duties of the day consisted mainly in catering for the bar-mess, and attending diligently thereto; and now he saw the wisdom of the rule which makes a due course of feeding essential to the legal aspirant. A hundred examinations would never have qualified him for the bar-mess; whereas a long series of Temple dinners had taught him most thoroughly what to avoid.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

VIRGIL'S SEA DESCRIPTIONS.

AMONG the crowds mustering at the sea's margin, we trust there are those who will not object to let the reminiscent murmur of a Latin line mix the rising, the falling, the tossing of its syllables with the multitudinous ripple, the hollow plash, the tumbling roll of the waves it tries to picture. We doubt, however, that the Virgilian music, stately as it is, will coincide with that of the ocean only most fragmentarily; for we have to charge it against Virgil that his sea descriptions are poor — that they are failures. Indeed, we solemnly affirm that he was what might fairly be styled sea-blind. Everybody's verbal descriptions of the ocean fail; but they do so after more or less of success. Virgil in his task represents zero among poets of the first class.

Let us at once honestly make a needed qualification in admitting that literary description of any and all natural objects is still in a very rudimentary stage. Human language, modern English as well as ancient Latin, remains poorly equal to it. A great show of praise is sometimes made on this point; but this is because, without being fully aware of it, we have all practically agreed to consider descriptions in words as being much better than they really are. If a poet brings a score of words together in full fitness, so that they clearly show us the object they stand for, we fall into a rapture over the feat. Any one who had the heart to be unyieldingly

critical would have little difficulty in making plain with what meagre verbal accounts of things we are satisfied. Chaucer and Burns show just the bent head of the daisy in their pictured phrase: generation after generation never wearies of praising it. But repeat the words over a real cluster of the yellow-hearted, white-rayed, crimson-edged, fly-haunted, sun-loving, wind-scared, woolly-stemmed, broad green-leaved, root-hiding things, and you will find a good many details available for poetry left out. Our string of compounded names is a mere *catalogus*, hard and cumbrous enough to kill the fancy; but that is the very fault of language we are complaining of. For adequate verbal descriptions we need great pages as they now stand compressing into paragraphs, sentences of these crushing into phrases, the words themselves refining to a glittering powder, and then to be able to make better epithets of the coloured syllabic particles. At present, the utmost that can be done in the most likely cases is to try and give the effect of the activity of a single sense. There are instances in which this has nearly been achieved; but they are of things so simple that somehow it is embarrassing to name them.

One modern poet has partially caught the coo of the wood-pigeons; another the sound of rain among the trees; a third the spilling ripple of the brook. Though naturally most successful with sounds, they have some achievements with respect to the other senses. They have lighted up a few phrases with the great shining of the sea on sudden coasts; some make wide moorlands stretch far away into the dim horizon of the verse; once and again we are even made to feel the dark striving rise and overflowing forward reach of things in motion. But how brief all the quotations would be! In poetry a line and a half is a great achievement; to sustain the perfection past the first fulfilled rhyme is a miracle. The wisest nearly stay at epithets. And in the case of the sea, a huge difficulty is that it stirs two senses. The eye and the ear act so closely in the actual observing of it that the association is tyrannous in reminiscence. You scarcely could hear the ocean in the dark without the eye insisting on tracing some faint glimmer of the waves; it would hardly be possible for you to behold the tossing of the waves from any distance without the ear giving some faint hum of their music, if it were only like that of the dry sea-shell. For a

man to set himself to imitate by the utterance of his lines the sounds of the sea would be a hopeless task; for him to aim in addition at so setting the facets of his syllables that, while accent, emphasis, and tone were giving the beat of the waves, we should detect the flash of the sunlight in and through them, the words in the line a little darkening here and there for cloud shadows, or, again, taking fire for a blaze of sandy shore, would be fatal to any human wits. These are impossibilities; but then it is for literature to hope and expect their achievement, though it does not know how they are to come. Is it not itself an enchantment from first to last? Its one bounden duty is never to despair of verbal wonders, but to be always looking for, always inviting them, ceaselessly muttering its charms, thinking no words too high, nor too humble, to serve as the beginnings of the incantation. Save for this, poets would be even as other men. The only rule that can be laid down in the matter is that you shall apply your heart fully opened to the object needed to be described and let the mystic volubility work as it sweetly may. No one will wish to deny that literature has, as a secret ideal, this hopeless task of literal faithfulness. From those who do not show some knowledge of this secret we turn away in disappointment.

But it is not in this hypercritical sense of failure in mimetic description only that we venture to arraign Virgil's dealing with the sea. It is one of his standing eulogies that he showed miraculous ability in that way in the case of several objects; but before he could be said to have failed with respect to the ocean there must be some evidence of his having tried. There is no sign of it. The charge to be urged against him is the capital one of never having made the attempt; so sinning in this matter of the sea against the fundamental literary obligation.

Before we go on to the proof, one word more on the general question. It may be asked, how has descriptive literature obtained any credit? how can it persist, if this is the state of verbal representation at which we still stand? Well, all natural objects, scenes, and aspects of the world arouse, besides and below the appeals they make to the special senses, a common central emotion arising out of their practical operation on human fortunes. If a thing has not power to touch our lot of itself directly, it still may stir

this central feeling by some borrowed reminiscence of either actual association or figurative illustration. This, which we call the central sentiment of things, is not exclusively attached to any of the sense-impressions belonging to the object; it is in every case necessarily challenged more promptly, more completely, by some one of them; but it is more or less common to all of them. It can sustain itself on fragments of them, it can bear eking out, the substituting even of the impressions of one sense by those of another. In this way an easier language of a didactic kind, not adequately descriptive, serves; one in which, while blundering tremendously in our description of the object, we can intelligibly express our primitive relation to it in its bearing on our lot. By means of this didactic element literature has made up its too great show of triumphs; solely owing to it poetry gets a triumph over the other arts. If the literary description of an object fails at any point, the central sentiment of it is still saved if the reminiscence of a conjoined sense-impression is brought in in time; the feeling lingers, but it lasts on, and only flickers out when the verbiage drifts into irrelevancy, the words no longer keeping the thing before the mind at all. Down to the last moment all may be in a sort retrieved by the lumbering resource of personification, which lazily patches all omissions of description, the stale artifice of many generations. A very slight examination would bring out what a hotch-potch of sense-impressions many famous descriptions are. But if this central emotion of things can manage with a jumbled dialect of sense-impressions, its full articulateness asks a better representation, and it is itself in that way ameliorated, for in nearly every case its original native melancholy is oppressive. Told in fitting words, things lighten; losing something of their primitive heaviness. When success is achieved, we know from the literary ecstasy instantly arising, one of the purest pleasures the human heart has.

Virgil has not advanced the mimetic description of the sea, nor in any way bettered its central sentiment. He feels no interest in it; he describes it as being more savage than it ever was. In literature, the sea is all the worse for Virgil's having dealt with it. We will turn to the proofs.

The "*Æneid*," but that the sea goes for nothing in it, might almost be styled a sea poem. Its scene is as often water

as land. It includes storms, shipwrecks — both on the coast and in mid-ocean — the fairest of fair weather, morn dawning over the waters, repeated sunsets at sea, night embarkations, solemn watches with the waves all around and the stars overhead. Every possible aspect of the sea is beheld, and in no single instance is the description successful according to the wants of the modern imagination. The poem, as nobody needs telling, begins its events with a tremendous sea piece. The very first sight we get of the hero and his companions, they are "dividing the foaming brine with their keels," and the initial incident is a shipwreck. The description, assuredly, has overwhelming vigour in it; and, as the scene was brought about by *Æolus* letting all the winds loose together, with the purpose of gratifying *Juno's* wish to sink the whole fleet, it is scarcely open to any mere criticism founded on what might be expected to happen in a natural way. No mortal can say what might not happen as the work of one celestial acting at the urging of another. All that can be ventured on is, that such a storm could never happen without *Æolus* and *Juno*. The only wind which does not rage is the west, though that is partly substituted by what is called the gusty south-west. An impression of unusual turmoil is given, and that is what Virgil sought; but it is got by a jumble of violence of every kind. Winds, billows, lightning, thunder, reefs, shallows, eddies, are mixed together. The only detail of disaster left out is collision among the ships, which with a fleet so crowded is the one thing that would have occurred, had this been a natural storm. Such a tempest now rages in a transpontine theatre, and in no other part of the world. It takes Neptune himself to still it in the "*Æneid*." The famous simile by which the quieting of the waves is pictured is drawn from the land — the soothing of a mob by a man of piety and virtues. *Cymothoe* and *Triton* assist in getting the ships off the rocks. The whole scene is a medley of artificial machinery and natural effects which moderns are not able to appreciate. We had better put aside this opening incident, into which the supernatural enters, and turn to passages of a more mortal character.

So soon as *Æneas* and his companions of the seven surviving ships reach the shore, the hero climbs a rock to gain what Virgil styles a far-extended view of the sea, in the hope of descriing the

missing ships. It was now the goldenest of weather, Neptune's finest, Æolus's quietest; the sea must have stretched most tranquilly before him. Æneas does not detect the ships, and he might not have seen the ocean for anything he says of it. The feeling of contrast in the scenes does not stir within him in the least. Three stags are more in the way of a hungry man, and he levels his arrow at them as they stray on the shore. Soon afterwards occurs one of Virgil's very few fine epithets applied to the ocean. In describing Jove as looking down upon it, *despicens*, he uses the phrase "*mare velivololum*." A sail-whitened sea is a bold figure, sinning only by excess of goodness. There would be a little superfluity of force in it now, with a good many more sails flying in all quarters. It shows a natural action of the fancy in framing Jove's bird's-eye view. Early in the second book occurs the night return of the Grecian fleet, craftily sailing back from Tenedos. This is what is made of it: "And now the Argive host approached from Tenedos in arrayed ships, steering amidst the friendly silence of the moon for the well-known shores, when the royal ship put forth the signal flame."

Et jam Argiva phalanx instructis navibus ibat
A Tenedo, tacite per amica silentia lunæ,
Littora nota petens: flammæ quum regia
puppis
Extulerat. — B. II. lines 254-7.

All that is present to Virgil's mind is what may be called the business of the poem, the Greeks getting back unperceived, and the unbolting of the wooden horse. The ships crowding up in the moonlight, the patch of crimson reflection under the sail-shadow from the signal fire, do not touch him. He introduces the moon, but it is as being silent, not bright. The sea does not detain him for a moment. It would have detained a modern poet; the present ordinary requirements of our literary usage would not have permitted him to pass it by. If in only half a line he must at least have made it glitter. So much progress we at any rate have now made.

In the third book Æneas begins the account of his own sea-wandering. The first voyage is not a long one in the poem. He embarks, departs from his native shores, and reaches Thrace in less than six lines; and, as for anything in the way of marine description, he might just as well have been on land. Affrighted by the ghost of Polydorus, they set out for

Delos. Here comes one unwontedly tender touch, which the reader will not find repeated in all the poem. Virgil represents the breeze as with a gentle rustling inviting them to the main — *lenis crepitans vocat Auster in altum*. But if he hears the wind, the wash of the waters never reaches him. Nothing whatever happens during the voyage. From Delos they steer for Crete, and, if the waves do not attract the eye, what stands up out of them does. Virgil can see "green Donyza," "marble Paros," and the Cyclades. Of these a charming little panoramic sketch is given: it is only to the water, not the land, that he is blind. Vainly they build Pergamea, for the pestilence falls on them, and the household gods, in a vision, tell Æneas that Crete is not the resting-place. They sail for Hesperia. Now we have a second sea storm. This time it happens, not in shore, but out on the mid-ocean, and, so far as appears, comes without supernatural interference. This is the description Virgil puts in Æneas's mouth: "Then, o'er my head appears a dark rain cloud, bearing gloom and storm, and the wave roughens beneath the darkness. Straightway, the winds roll the waters and great seas arise. Scattered, we are tossed on the wide flood. Stormy clouds enwrap the light, and damp darkness withdraws the face of heaven. The lightnings frequently flash from the rifted clouds. We are driven from our course, and wander in strange waters."

Tum mihi cæruleus supra caput adstitit imber,
Noctem hiememque ferens; et inhorruit unda
tenebris.

Continuo venti volvunt mare, magnaue surgunt

Æquora: dispersi jactamur gurgite vasto.
Involvere diem nimbi, et nox humida cælum
Abstulit. Ingeminant abruptis nubibus ignes.
Excutimur cursu, et cæcis erramus in undis.

B. III. lines 194-200.

For a tempest which lasts three days and three nights, this must be set down as erring on the side of tameness. But here Virgil is left along with the natural scene; he has not Æolus and Neptune to excite his imagination. On the fourth day they catch sight of land; mountains open to view, smoke is seen to roll upwards; they sweep the "azure" water with their oars, and reach the Strophades. After their adventure with the Harpies, they hastily set sail afresh.

Another rapid sketch of the land which is passed is given. They see "woody

Zacynthus," "steep-cragged Neritos," "rocky Ithaca." Anything which is dry, not moist, Virgil pictures, making it plain that if the sea had not been thoroughly uninteresting to him, he could have painted it easily. They spend the winter on shore under the storm-capped peaks of Mount Leucate; thence they launch again, reaching Buthrotum, where they have the affecting meeting with Andromache. Departing, they coast along Ceraunia, at evening landing to sleep on the shore. Now we have another night scene. The pilot Palinurus rises before midnight to see if the voyage may begin. He listens for the breezes, he looks at the constellations. "When he sees all serene in the sky," he goes on board and gives the signal. The ocean might just as well have been fixed hard land under the gliding stars; there is not the slightest feeling of its being water. A very few lines further comes a dawn at sea, and this is Virgil's account of it: "And now Aurora, having put the stars to flight, blushed, when far off we see misty hills and the low-lying coast of Italy."

Jamque rubescebat stellis Aurora fugatis,
Quum procul obscuros colles, humilemque
videmus

Italiam. — B. III. lines 521-3.

The mention of Aurora blushing does duty for all the wonder of a daybreak over the sea. Warned by Anchises' interpretation of the ill omen of beholding horses feeding, they refrain from landing at that first seen spot of the Italian shore, turning their yard-arms to the sea. By and by they near Charybdis. Their experience of it exactly fulfils Helenus's incomprehensible prediction of it. They drift the night through close to the shore of the Cyclops, where the next morning they behold the dawn afresh, that is to say, "Aurora scatters the damp shades from the sky." Having rescued Achemenides from Polyphemus, they sail again. After a coasting voyage, in which the sights of the land are well enough described, Æneas reaches the joyless shore of Drepanum. There his father dies. The voyage thence to Dido's beach, ending in that stupendous shipwreck, is dismissed in these words: "Departed from thence, the god drove me to your shores" — *Hinc me digressum vestris deus appulit oris*.

Throughout the whole of these voyages, with the exception of when the sea had to be put in a turmoil to wreck the ships, and to disclose Charybdis, it has

not arrested the poet's line for a moment, the water has not had a glance from him. It might have been an unreflecting floor, showing neither effects of the sky, of its own ceaseless stir, nor of the partially embracing shore. One question arises, which we will bring in here. It may not unfairly be said, that to Æneas the sea was but a toilsome and dangerous expanse, not to be described, but to be hurriedly got over and escaped from. His experiences of it are not to be compared with the long ocean combat of Ulysses, still Juno used it as her chief instrument of persecution. All the winds had been hurled against him on it; he had suffered shipwreck; his pilot was fated to be drowned in it. There is room for a plea of dramatic propriety. But at the point we have now reached Æneas's narrative ends; for the rest Virgil is himself the speaker. Let us see if there is any change.

Towards the close of the fourth book, after the dallying at Carthage with Dido, comes the hurried night embarkation. It is thus described: "The sea is hidden beneath the fleet. Hurrying, they dash up the foam, and sweep the azure sea."

Latet sub classibus æquor.

Adnixi torquent spumas, et cærulea verrunt.

B. IV. lines 582-3.

It will be admitted that this is no description. When day comes the poet's eyes are still closed to the actual scene. What he says of it is this: "And now Aurora, leaving the saffron bed of Tithonus, first scattered upon the world fresh light."

Et jam prima novo spargebat lumine terras
Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile.

B. IV. lines 584-5.

Dido, looking out from her watchtower, beholds the fleet moving on with level sails; she notes that the shores and the harbours are quite deserted by the mariners; but she, like all the other Virgilian personages, does not catch a glimpse of the sea. She was in no mood to watch its glories, but, at least, she might have bethought herself of the waves as ministers of her prayed-for vengeance. At the commencement of the fifth book, Æneas is well out at sea, the description giving just one particle of detail: he is "cutting through the dark waves, ruffled by the north wind," which would have whitened their tops, if it darkened their sides. There must have been miles of them between the fleet and the land, where the

smoke of Dido's pyre arose, but the tossing expanse was only so much distance to be looked across. Soon a storm comes on, and in describing it Virgil positively uses over again two lines from Book III. He relieves himself of all trouble by having a formula for storms. Once more he tells us that "a rain cloud stands over Æneas's head, bearing storm and gloom, and the wave ruffled beneath the darkness."

Olli cæruleus supra caput adstitit imber,
Noctem hiememque ferens; et inhorruit unda
tenebris. — B. V. lines 10-11.

The whole passage makes, we think, the weakest description of a sea-storm ever given. They yield to the storm and once more turn towards Sicily. Acestes, from the top of a hill, beholds the ships coming, but he sees nothing more. The ocean is also invisible to him. Not far on in this book we have the sea races, part of the games in honour of Anchises' memory. All is leisure now; the sea is not made odious by over-much toil. If water had had any charms for the poet it would have won a glance from him. The competing vessels are described particularly; in speaking of the rock where was the goal of the race, we have the phrase "foamy beach" (*spumantia littora*). But, in the account of the races, again the water goes for nothing. We are provisionally told that the sea was turned up and lashed into foam (*adductis spumant freta versa lacertis*); and two lines further on, that all the surface of the water was opened.

Subsequently in this book occurs the setting fire to the fleet by the women. The passage has much pathos from the contrast between the women's occupation and that of the men. They are far away on the lonely beach weeping for the loss of Anchises, while the men are celebrating the same regret by games. The poet says the "women all together were ever gazing on the main, and still weeping." They say "Alas, what seas and how much ocean still remain for us weary women!" A line showing the endless heaving of the watery expanse before them, with a murmur of the unsympathizing wind foretelling perils, would have heightened the touching scene greatly. There is no such line. When Iris, disguised as Beroë, has persuaded the women to fire the ships, and Æneas, in despair, appeals to Jove, the storm which comes to quench the flames has no relation to the sea. The steep

hills tremble with the thunder, so do the level plains. But Virgil's fancy will not glance toward the sea. Not a single peal bellows on that side, the whole waste of waters is left unused, and a *land-shower* puts out the flames.

Here the weariest of the matrons, and some of the men, equally sick at heart of the sea, are left, the rest starting on the last voyage prior to reaching Italy. Then we come upon the splendid picture of Neptune and his watery retinue. Fine as is the account of the god in his chariot, with the group of huge ancient and lovely attendants surrounding him in his progress, the sea itself reckons for nothing in the picture. It forms a road for the glittering procession, and that is all; Neptune's car shines azure; the waves are not of any colour. Not a spot of hue, not a scintillation of reflected light, is visible from them. This whole scene is a crucial one; it directly proves that the waves had no beauty in the Latin poet's eyes, and that when he wished to make the sea interesting, the only way, in his judgment, of doing so was to people it with personifications. Apart from these feigned inhabitants of the water, Virgil saw nothing in it to describe.

One more sea incident happens ere Italy is reached; it is again a night scene; the fleet is running before favouring breezes, with the stars visible, but, as it would seem, no moon. The god Sleep, disguised as Phorbas, descends and appears at the elbow of the watchful Palinurus, sitting at the helm, the only one awake. Pointing out to him that all is calm, the god urges him to close his eyes, offering to take his post for him. Palinurus's reply is in every way worthy of a pilot who is not a poet. He says, "Would you have me believe in such a monster? Why should I trust Æneas to the treacherous gales, having been so often deceived by the frauds of the serene sky?"

Mene huic confidere monstro?

Æneam credam quid enim fallacibus austris,
Et cœli toties deceptus fraude sereni?

B. V. lines 849-51.

Palinurus is plunged overboard by the god. It is worth noting that afterwards, when Æneas meets Palinurus's ghost among the shades, Virgil, with strictest dramatic propriety, makes him use a pilot's form of oath, "By the *savage* seas I swear," &c. After Palinurus's fatal tumble, the ships pass the cliffs of the Sirens, where we are told, "hoarsely

roared the rocks resounding with the restless sea," perhaps the best sea line in all Virgil:—

Tum rauca assiduo longe sale saxa sonabant.
B. V. line 866.

Æneas awakens and guides the vessel for the rest of the night. In the morning they gain the Italian shore, anchor the ships, and land at Cumæ. Then follows the descent of Æneas into the other world, guided by the Sibyl.

The same fate of ill success whenever the scene is not dry pursues Virgil even there. In the sixth book he has to describe Cocyus. To ask for exact local particulars would be unreasonable, but it is clear that the poet did not conceive it as a scene anywhere. He uses words as they come. There is a jumble of banks and coasts, pools and streams, floods and marshes. It is right to say that the other subterranean stream, Lethe, fares no better at Virgil's hands. He describes it, or rather speaks of it, as flowing in a retired vale, past woods with rustling brakes; and a stream of considerable size it must have been, since about it unnumbered tribes and nations (*innumera gentes populique*) hover, like humming bees in the fields; Æneas, says the poet, was startled at the sudden sight of the stream; no glimpse of it do we get in any of the lines. Of what hue was its desirable wave no hint is given.

Now we near the ending of the search for the fated Hesperian land. When Æneas has built his old nurse's mound (Caieta) on the shore where the ships had been awaiting him, they sail again. One natural touch must be noted. Throughout nearly a whole line he makes "the sea sparkle underneath the moon."

Splendet tremulo sub lumine pontus.
B. VII. line 9.

Such a stroke, from the wonder of its rarity, tells upon a reader with more than its proper effect. Neptune having taken care to save the fleet from the Circean shores, we have the last dawn at sea. Alas, it is Aurora in her rosy chariot again! This is the description of the last glorious morning of Æneas's sea-wanderings: "And now the sea began to blush with rays, and in the lofty sky saffron Aurora shone in her rosy car."

Jamque rubescebat radiis mare et æthere ab
alto
Aurora in roseis fulgebant lutea bigis.
B. VII. lines 25-6.

They gain the Tiber's mouth and shelter in the river. Once in contact with the land the great poet's imagination is free again. His little picture of the river entrance shaded with groves, the air musical from fluttering birds of various plumage, is delightful.

In order to make our instances complete, we must not overlook Æneas's subsequent return by sea from his Etrurian allies, with Pallas on board his own ship. (Book X.) One line we may note in the description of Aulestes' vessel, with its figure-head of Triton: "The foaming billow," we are told, "gurgled beneath the monstrous breast" (*Spumea semifero sub pectore murmurat unda*). It is not an achievement to go into special raptures over, as being an addition to description in this kind; still the gurgle of the water does tell upon the ear; it is a detail of actual observation, and as such comes most welcome. There follows the artificial meeting in mid-voyage with the sea-nymphs, into which the vessels left near the camp, and, threatened by the Rutulians, had been changed. When Cymodocea, their spokeswoman, concluding her warning, pushed Æneas's tall ship, the poet tells us, it flew swifter than dart or arrow that rivals the wind in speed. No doubt, it would do so. The scene is one of which the modern imagination cannot make anything. The voyage ends in the opposed, confused landing on the shore, involving the wreck of Tarcho's vessel. In the same book (X.) Juno offers to Turnus the bait of Æneas's wraith, and draws him on board the ship, which so conveniently had a plank gangway laid ready from a ledge of the rock. The whirling tide bears him and it far out to sea, on his magic voyage to his father's city. Beyond the ship gliding, and waves and tide both pushing it on, we are told nothing of this most wondrous voyage. Book XI. ends with a sunset at sea, beheld from the land: "Rosy Phœbus was bathing his weary horses in the Iberian flood."

Roseus fessos jam gurgite Phœbus Ibero
Tingat equos. — B. XI. lines 913-14.

It matches the dawn with which that book opens: "In the meantime, Aurora, rising, leaves the ocean" (*Oceanum interea surgens Aurora reliquit*). One last partial glimpse we get of the sea in the closing book of the poem: "The horses of the sun are arising from the flood, and from uplifted nostrils breathe forth the day."

Primum alto se gurgite tollunt
Solis equi, lucemque elatis naribus efflant.

B. XII. lines 114-15.

Artificial to the very last.

In this sketch we have exhausted the sea-allusions of the great story. This is absolutely all that Virgil makes of the ocean in the whole of *Æneas's* sea-wanderings, either as described by the hero or by the mouth of the poet himself. There is scarcely any possible marine effect which he has not the opportunity of picturing, yet in no single passage is it possible to detect any spark of true feeling for the water, beyond that of a dreary discontent at its power and savageness. It might be thought that he knew nothing of the sea—that he had never seen it. But Horace's famous ode, praying for fair weather for him, is evidence that he made at least one voyage. Still further is the puzzle heightened, when we remember that he is understood to have lived long at Naples, with its glorious bay.

But let us turn for a moment to the minor poems. In the *Eclogues* the sea is mentioned in some dozen lines, of course by way of illustrative reference. Towards the close of *Eclogue IV.* Virgil speaks of "plains of sea" (*tractus maris*). This does bring the object before the mind. And in the *Fifth Eclogue* occurs the only line anywhere which shows that Virgil had perceived the music of the sea, apart from its mere roaring, its hoarseness, its moaning. Mopsus, in extolling the song of Menacles, asks, "What gifts are there that I can give you in return for such a lay? For neither the whistling of the south wind as it comes, nor billow-beaten shores (*percussa fluctu littora*) delight me so," &c. The phrase itself may not be of the best, but there is the feeling of delight coupled with the sea. We eagerly hail the fact, and wish it were not unavoidable to mention that this *Eclogue* is known to have been modelled on Theocritus. Next, as to the *Georgics*; they have some thirty lines in which the sea occurs. From the nature of the work, the passages are for the most part only allusive; but of all Virgil's writings, it is here that we find the sea-phrases strongest, the descriptions truest. Some of the best lines, it is true, describe the coast rather than the ocean; as, for instance, the striking lines in the *First Georgic*, giving the signs of a coming tempest. There is also the passage a little further on, where the various water-fowl are wantonly disporting themselves in the joy of their salt

bath. The sketches show that Virgil's observation, if it fails utterly as to the sea itself, had gone to the very edge of the land—to the verge where it and the water mingle, and even a few inches beyond. In *Book III.* he catches sight for a moment of colour on the evening ocean; but it is far away in *Scythia*, and the sun-god is again descending in his chariot, to bathe it in the flaming water, Nor is "red surface of the ocean" (*oceani rubro . . . æquore*) a pearl of poetical description. It must be mentioned that in the *Georgics* occur two or three touches of reality of a very grotesque kind in reference to the sea. If in the *Æneid*, Virgil, in sketching Neptune and his train, gives a picture too artificially elegant for the modern fancy, in the *Fourth Georgic* he describes Proteus and his attendants in a style which is a trifle too realistic for us. "Monstrous herds and misshapen sea-calves" (*immania armenta et turpes phocas*) this watery shepherd has under his charge; and they come out of the flood, and sleep around him on the hot shore. At any rate, the passage has a rough power, as of a goblin story of the sea.

The question may be asked, What epithets does Virgil apply to the sea? For it will go hard with a poet, if he has any genuine emotion stirred in him by an object, if it does not flash out in a name, even should he find himself, for some reason, debarred from a detailed description. Some epithets are themselves descriptions. Take three sample ones of Shakespeare, applied to this same subject. The "multitudinous" sea, the "yeasty" waves, and the "wasteful" ocean. Virgil speaks of the sea as boundless (*"immensi maris,"* *G. I.*, line 29); windy (*"ventosa æquora,"* *idem*, line 206); faithless (*"infidum marmor,"* *idem*, line 254); deep (*"maria alta,"* *G. II.*, line 479, et *"maris alti,"* *Æn. Lib. V.*, line 799); dark blue (*"mare purpureum,"* *G. IV.*, line 373); azure (*"vada cærulea,"* *Æn. Lib. VII.*, line 198, et *"cærulea freta,"* *idem, Lib. X.*, line 209); mighty (*"magnum æquor,"* *G. IV.*, line 388); vast (*"vasti ponti,"* *idem*, line 430); foaming (*"spumantem undam,"* *idem*, line 529, et *"spumantibus undis,"* *Æn. Lib. III.*, line 268); salt (*"campos salis,"* *idem, Lib. X.*, line 214); moaning (*"gemitum ingentem pelagi,"* *idem, Lib. III.*, line 555); restless (*"assiduo sale,"* *idem, Lib. V.*, line 866); swelling (*"fluctu tumentis,"* *idem, Lib. VII.*, line 810). He also speaks of the "perilous" seas.

These are all we notice in turning over the pages. Of them, "deep" appears to compete with "salt" for the position of favourite, "foaming" coming next. "Boundless," "restless," "faithless," are words which may be held to embody what we have earlier termed the central feeling of the object, but Virgil does not use them in a way showing any varying individual appreciation of them; they all seem to merge in the one sentiment of the savageness, danger, dread of the sea. It would not be fair to compare Virgil's epithets with those of Homer in relation to the ocean. The Greek language lent itself better to the compounding of phrases, besides the lighter feeling which the Greek sea, with its indented shores and lovely islands, naturally inspired among the people. Other reasons would make it unfair to instance modern poets (it is true, we have already mentioned Shakespeare), either our own or continental; our present mode of regarding natural objects as beautiful in themselves is not the ancient manner, as we will point out directly. But Virgil does not show to advantage in this matter alongside other Latin writers, even his contemporaries. Not to hunt for any out-of-the-way comparisons, take the author who competes successfully with him for the place of best-known. Horace is nearly as blind as Virgil to any downright beauty in the sea, but he says nothing tame of it. The ocean is mostly in a tempest with Horace.

But it is with Virgil we have specially to do in this paper, and we wish to part with the noble poet on the best terms possible. Within the narrow restraining shores of a simile Virgil could sway the sea well enough; a single wave cut off from the rest he was very successful with. Take the lines in the Third Georgic, where he so magnificently illustrates the anger of the bull by the figure of a whitening billow rolling in shore. A simile much akin to it is used nearly as effectively in describing the fight with the rioters in the seventh book of the *Æneid*; and, in the eleventh book, in illustrating the fluctuations of battle between the Tuscans and the Rutulians, a still more sustained image is drawn from the alternate rushes and withdrawals of the ocean tide upon the beach. Literature would have to be ransacked for a more nobly-managed simile. But our last completed proof that Virgil, though so impotent in the actual presence of the sea, seeing so little of 'ts play, and deaf

to all its music, still could deal with the ocean when he could do so, as it were, by reflecting it, we have designedly left till now. Virgil's grandest sea piece was in metal — on the surface of *Æneas's* shield, he sees it all as in a mirror. Here the sea swells all gold, the blue waves foam in hoary spray, dolphins of shining silver sweep the flood in circles, and the brazen galleys of the opposing fleets burn upon the surging waters. The passage is too lengthy to quote; those who know Virgil will not need its quoting. If he had ever given us the direct picture of which this is the reflection, there would have been no room for critic'sm nineteen hundred years after. At least it is the noblest sea that ever flowed in metal.

Several reasons may be given why Virgil in his dealing with the sea exhibits these failures, as we moderns must consider them. In the first place, besides the unavoidable excess of the didactic element, a literary *fashion* of a very peculiar kind then prevailed. In the highest attempts at poetical description, it was thought there was something much finer to be tried after than natural accounts of the actual scenes, namely, the mythological personages conventionally associated with them. When a dawn at sea had to be related, it was not the ever-brightening sky and the dimpled stirrings of the far-flashing waves that were thought of, but the image of Aurora rising from the saffron couch of Tithonus; in the evening, there was not enough to satisfy in the tumultuous glories of the sun, half-hidden in his own splendours, sinking amidst orange clouds and crimson billows; in the heart of that shining business there was a brighter central vision of Phœbus unyoking his fiery horses, bathing them in the ocean. We cannot understand it; we have none of the cues of the old faiths to help us. It now seems unnatural, incredible that men ever thought such scenes too poor for them, and believed that they could put something better worth describing in their place. Still, it was so throughout the whole range of literary tasks. If a river had to be introduced at its best, an old man — Father Tiber — rises among the sedges; the flowing of his beard, not that of the stream, is what has to be admired. Or should a moonlight scene have to be pictured, the heavens themselves in their soft whiteness, as the silver orb glides through them, are not displayed, — we are told something of the kindly goddess in her nightly wandering car. These artificiali-

ties must have come hinderingly between the describer and natural objects, turning his gaze inwards. The fashion, however, sufficed for Virgil: he makes no attempt to alter it.

It may be that in those times a necessity of this sort was imposed by the spirit of art itself—that natural objects were too disturbing in a part of their actual associations for the higher emotional uses; at least, that the pathetic feelings they stirred were too strong, too self-enforcing, for the serener enjoyments, without some abatement—this being got by the human imagination substituting personifications, which left out to the required degree the agitating memories. The ocean, the sky, the weather were too fatal for men in those days to be lightly dealt with by them in their stark reality without mitigation. From this obligation we are now finally released.

The enquiry into the origin of the feeling of the picturesque among moderns is sometimes treated too trivially; it runs into a large question. The happy growing tendency to describe a natural fact in itself, progressively omitting all the traditional accompaniments of simile and personification, is the late gift of science to literature, and is priceless. Science, by dwelling on objects for its own purposes of acquiring a knowledge of their details, has been perpetually surprised by the discovery that details are always beautiful when seen sufficiently. In this way, we at last have come to know that things in their completeness are of themselves more lovely than imagination could ever conceive by dealing with them in part. The result is already showing itself in the enlargement of literature by the added department of a new poetic of the literal description of natural objects, though its progress must needs be slow. Absolutely new it, of course, could not be. In the remotest age it existed in the germ. The early poets were its prophets, some helping it with wonderful anticipations of later scientific disclosures of natural beauties. Our charge against Virgil is that, in his use of the sea, he has wholly failed in this bardic function—helping the advance of this literature of description not in the slightest. If personification was partially obligatory, he used it to the very full, as he also did simile, without betraying any perception that it was not the best, not the ultimate style.

One remark ought to be made for Virgil. There can be no doubt that the sea

is actually much more interesting now than it was then. Owing to the modern scientific civilization having given us greater power over nature, there has been a general mitigation of the old bleakness of the central feeling of things arising out of their sway over the human lot; but in the case of no great object of nature, no aspect of the world, has this blessed change been nearly so telling as with respect to the sea. In our own instance, the sentiment must have ameliorated very greatly during the two generations that have witnessed steam navigation. The feeling of the ancient Latins towards the sea, we have already urged, was worse than that of the Greeks, differing more than theirs from the modern emotion. It is plain that the Romans had a sense of there being a certain malevolence in the ocean. Doubtless that is a feeling primitive in all men. We now can just detect it when actually beholding a great storm, or even feel it for just a moment after hearing of a great sea disaster; but its early strength seems to have survived late in them. It brings out very clearly the difference between the ancient and the modern feeling, when, in the face of the present belief that the sea is the commercial field for the union of distant peoples, we find Horace taking the very opposite view, saying that in vain has God in his wisdom separated land from land by the estranging ocean, if impious barks will bound across it (Ode 3, Lib. I.). The picture he and Virgil draw of merchant ships, in the world's future golden days, withdrawing from the sea, leaving its wide surface bare, shocks the modern imagination. It turns everything in our conception of the sea upside down. We scarcely can avoid a suspicion that both Virgil and Horace, in speaking of the sea, used a *more antiquated feeling* in reference to it than was actually current in their time. In the Augustan age, such Romans as were not writers of poetry scarcely could believe in the impiety of spreading a sail upon the waters. This must have been merely a literary tradition, and it contented Virgil; but, at any rate, the real feeling must have been one we can only very imperfectly understand, for the ocean grows ever more and more welcome to us—it has lost so much of its awful strangeness, its savage strength. Are there not "steam lanes" in the Atlantic, along which mighty steamers come and go nearly as punctually as if they were land omnibuses? Do not sails

crowd up from every corner of the horizon? We are getting a little familiarity with it below its surface. The course of its hot and cold currents, rushing like tremendous rivers through its depths, is partly known. Its gulfs are no longer bottomless to us. We have opened delighted eyes on its marine plants, on its countless inhabitants, vanishing away in myriads of harmless microscopic tribes. It is the latest opened treasure-house of science.

Those who may read these words, with the music of the sea actually sounding in their ears, and with the glory of its tossing waves before their eyes, will not need telling how much of its beauty is yet undescribed. But in the verbal mosaic in which, let us hope, the ocean will one day shine and foam, when the new poetic of real description has developed its language of direct epithet, there will not be a single Virgilian gift — no, not so much as a word, a syllable.

From The Saturday Review.
ITALY.

THE various Italian Ministries which succeed each other with somewhat inconvenient rapidity have no very great political differences to distinguish them, but each in turn has to encounter minor difficulties of a very embarrassing kind. The general policy of Italy is fixed, whoever may be in office. The vast majority of the nation is firmly bent on upholding the unity which has been won at so great a cost and in so surprising a manner, and there is no opposition worth noticing to the form of government. A few misguided zealots may get up an isolated movement in favour of a republic, and Garibaldi may issue his fulminations and decrees against his enemies after a fashion which strangely resembles that adopted by the person whom of all others he would least like to copy — the pope. But the reactionary party and the republican party, although they exist in Italy, and are not without some resources and influence, have no hold on the general body of electors; and although German unity rests in some ways on a surer foundation than Italian unity, because it has much more military strength to support it, yet there is less political division in Italy than there is in Germany. The religious question is less troublesome, as it touches temporal rather than spiritual in-

terests, and the Italians as a rule are troubled with no scruples of conscience whatever as to the treatment which they have bestowed on the Church. If they reflect at all about it, it is to pique themselves on what they think the extreme, and perhaps foolish, generosity with which they have treated the pope. As to the foreign policy of Italy, it is undeviating in its simplicity. It consists entirely in loving and courting and behaving well to every one when it is once recognized that Italy is to keep all she has got. And Italy is so lucky, and reaps so much benefit from having one simple line of policy, that something is always happening to remind the world of Italian success. In utter defiance of France, and in complete disregard of the engagements which France had exacted, Italy seized on Rome. Without Italy having to raise a finger or spend a penny, Germany took on herself the trouble of going on fighting until the impunity of Italy was assured. As a slight protest against the wrong-doing of Italy the *Orénoque* was stationed at Civita Vecchia. Now the *Orénoque* is recalled; and the various organs of French opinion, though all inclined to abuse their own Government, concur in admiring the tact and kindness with which Italy has graciously allowed the MacMahon Ministry to take its own time in paying this tribute to Italian ascendancy. Nor is this all. France is now, like Mr. Cook's tourists, going on a tour through Italy, conducted personally by M. Thiers; and M. Thiers, who for a dozen years was the persistent adversary of Italian unity, moves on from one Italian city to another assuring Italy how truly he loves her, and how much he rejoices in her success; and all that the Ministerial critics of M. Thiers have to say is that Italians ought not to love M. Thiers in return exclusively, but should condescend to remember that Marshal MacMahon earned his staff and his dukedom at Magenta. Italy is like a naughty handsome boy, and the French parties are like aunts who have scolded and rated the scapegrace for every fresh freak, but who, when they find that he has grown up and really come into his property, vow that they adored him from his cradle, and protest that they were always meaning to give him endless sugarplums, only that circumstances unfortunately checked their liberality.

But although Italy has at present no questions which touch her existence to disturb her, those who undertake to man-

age her affairs have no slight difficulties to encounter. There are two thorns constantly in their side. There is the question how Italy is to pay her way, and the question how brigandage is to be put down, and on each of these questions there are endless controversies and disagreements. Signor Minghetti is now at the head of affairs, and he has just explained his views to his constituents at Legnago. His primary notion is that, as these are the two great questions for Italy, they should occupy the attention of the country until they are satisfactorily disposed of. One thing at a time is the principle of conduct on which he insists. There are many abuses to be reformed, many legislative provisions which are necessary if law and administration are to be what Italy would like to see them. Zealous Italians have their crotchets which they are burning to see Parliament take up, and the Prime Minister does not at all deny that many of these crotchets are very good crotchets in their way. But he asks his countrymen to agree with him that the time for taking them up has not yet come. As in England, when Sir Robert Peel came into office and had to face the deficit caused by Whig financiers, he would not allow any question to be discussed until the balance of the Budget had been satisfactorily restored, so, now that Italy has even a more serious deficit to lament, Signor Minghetti wishes that the consideration of all minor reforms should be postponed until Italian finance is put on a sound footing. That this should be done, two things are essential. In the first place, enough money must be raised by taxation to meet those wants of the country which are absolutely indispensable, and for this purpose taxes must be wisely imposed and rigorously collected. On the incidence of some of the most important taxes Parliamentary Committees have already reported, or can be instructed to report, and there is no want of diligence or ability in the reporters. What is needed is that the Italian Parliament and the constituencies should take to heart the lessons which these reports teach, and be resolute in giving them effect. If this were done, Signor Minghetti is confident that Italy would show itself indisputably solvent, and that the gigantic evil of a depreciated currency might be successfully attacked. There is no doubt a deficit for the coming financial year which, even if it is reduced as far as the most sanguine calculators

think it can be reduced, would nearly reach a million sterling. Before long, however, the expiration of existing Treaties of Commerce will give Italy the opportunity of making new arrangements which, although conceived in the spirit of Free-trade, will be beneficial to her pocket; and if the taxes were better arranged, Italy could probably find another million sterling. But then there is something more wanted. The Budget cannot be balanced if the country is to rush into new expenditure. The position taken up by Signor Minghetti is that, if it is proposed to spend a franc more, it must be first shown where the franc is to come from. The Ministry which preceded that of Signor Minghetti fell because the Italian Parliament insisted on voting the expenditure of certain sums on a harbour, although the Government protested that there was no money that could be applied to the purpose. The friends of inconsiderate expenditure have not gained much by opening the door of office to Signor Minghetti. He erects into a principle what his predecessors insisted on under special circumstances. He announces that he will not listen to any proposal for new expenditure unless the advocates of this expenditure at the same time express their willingness to vote for some new tax which will supply the requisite funds; and it will very seldom happen that the hope of the popularity to be gained by conferring a local benefit or perpetrating a local job will not be outweighed by the fear of the odium attaching to a proposal to burden still further the distressed taxpayer.

Finance is the first subject that occupies the attention of a prudent Italian Minister, but brigandage is the second, and as life is more valuable than money, it may be almost said to be as important for Italy to put brigandage down as to put her finances in order. Simple brigandage is indeed not a very difficult thing to cope with. If it is only a few ruffians who carry off a traveller to get a ransom paid for him, there is some chance that, as the country becomes better cultivated and the roads more frequented, the ruffians may think it worth their while to go into a quieter line of business. The police, too, may hope to catch the offenders and bring them to justice. An ecclesiastic has just been carried off at no great distance from Rome, and his family could not get him back until they had paid a large ransom. But the police

have, it is said, caught the offenders, and it may be expected that this will be a warning to their friends and neighbours. The old Papal administration was so wretchedly bad, and brigands who mixed a little superstition with their passion for crime were so readily tolerated, that it is not wonderful if traces of old customs linger in a district where brigandage a few years ago was recognized as a peculiar but rather pious way of gaining a livelihood. It is when something very different is meant by brigandage that it becomes dangerous — when it is an organized system, a vast conspiracy of one half of society against the other, a machinery of terrorism carried into daily life. Such a state of things is found to some extent at Naples, and on a much larger scale and in a more terrible form in Sicily. For such an evil the remedy must be sharp; and law with its regular processes is inadequate. We again have the honour of supplying a precedent to Italian admirers of our Constitution, and Signor Minghetti says that Italians need not be ashamed to have to do in Southern Italy and Sicily what free and enlightened England has had to do in Ireland. The parallel seems to be a perfectly just and right one. English law could not repress agrarian crime in Ireland, because no persons would give information and no jury would convict. The Government was entrusted with the power of sweeping off the persons it considered dangerous and shutting them up in prisons, and agrarian crime was effectually repressed. Not long ago the Italian Government determined to use or assume a similar power, and summarily arrested and carried off sixty members of the Camorra of Naples. There is no other way of breaking up such an organization, and the Italian Parliament must make up its mind either to let the Camorra flourish or to sanction such arbitrary steps on the part of Government. In Sicily things are worse, because the system of organized and associated brigandage prevails over so much larger an extent of country. Up to this time the Government has only tried half-measures, for there is a powerful party which is opposed to any sterner measures being tried, and no doubt there would be a considerable irritation caused in Sicily, which is by no means well disposed to the Italian Kingdom, if the Government were permitted by law to do things in Sicily which in Italy generally would not be tolerated. When in Sicily there are persons whom the police have

strong reason to suspect to belong to the associated brigandage, these persons can be summoned and solemnly warned; but this only puts them on their guard. Or, if there is more proof of guilt, they can be sent to a neighbouring district, and not allowed to leave it; but they are very little affected by this, and keep up uninterrupted communications with their old accomplices. What the Ministry will probably ask Parliament for is the power to seize on suspected persons, and send them to a place of confinement out of the island. This would, it is thought, have real terrors for the brigands, as it would take away the hope of release through a revolution, which robs imprisonment in the island of its terrors, and would debar the prisoners from making the gaol, as they often make it now, a centre where, through those released, and even through the gaolers themselves, new plots for crime are hatched. This is, no doubt, to treat persons not legally convicted in a very arbitrary manner; but it is at least well for a country that it should be governed by men who have the courage to speak plainly, and to let it be understood that, if organized brigandage is to be suppressed, an arbitrary way of dealing with it must be adopted and sanctioned.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

A PEEP AT MEXICO.*

MR. GEIGER'S book makes no more pretensions than is implied in its modest title. He paid but a flying visit to Mexico, landing at Manzanillo, on the Pacific Coast, and passing through the capital to Vera Cruz; and he professes merely to record the observations that struck him in transit. But he more than performs his promise; his chapters give us the impression of being as true to life as are the excellent photographs with which they are illustrated, and he does not go out of the way to swell his volume by romancing with doubtful information obtained at second hand. We should gladly have learned something of the condition of those mining industries in which many unlucky Englishmen have interested themselves so largely. But we learn little or nothing of them from Mr. Geiger, for his route did not happen to lie through the mining provinces. On

* "Narrative of a Journey across the Republic from the Pacific to the Gulf in December, 1873, and January, 1874." By John Lewis Geiger, F.R.G.S. (London: Trübner and Co. 1874.)

the other hand, if we may borrow an Americanism, his rapid journey "sampled" the country very fairly.

Mexico, as we know, is a land of magnificent capabilities. To say nothing of those mineral treasures that proved the curse of their Aztec possessors when they tempted the cupidity of the Christian conquerors, in the succession of climate between its sultry sea board and its loftiest plateaux it can grow nearly every valuable production of the globe; and one consequence is that, like the fabled El Dorado of our Elizabethan age, it has been a pit-fall for foreign capital, and has continually lured adventurers into leading lives of unmitigated discomfort as long as they succeeded in staving off a violent death. Except in the city of Mexico itself and one or two of the chief seaports, there are but few Englishmen in the country. But in all the towns of any importance which Mr. Geiger passed through he found Germans and Americans. They made a living for the most part. In a land where native luxuries are cheap, they even lived in as much comfort as was compatible with utter isolation among a people who detested them from religious fanaticism and with whom they had scarcely a feeling in common. These unfortunates carry their lives in their hands. The climate at certain seasons is deadly in many places. They cannot take a drive beyond the suburbs without turning their carriages into arsenals ambulants. If they take a stroll abroad after dusk, they walk revolver in hand in the middle of the causeways to avoid a stab from behind or a point-blank pistol-shot at the street-corners. They are subjected to arbitrary exactions and forced contributions. The law that should protect them is frequently embodied in some ex-guerilla, recommended by his dashing atrocities to the liberal leaders of the War of Independence, whose friendship in the event of trouble is only to be secured on pecuniary terms. The merchants tell you—and, as Mr. Geiger believes, they tell you truly—that they can only trade to a profit under the crushing custom-house duties by entering with the coast authorities into private arrangements, by which the Government is defrauded. Yet they persevere in spite of all these drawbacks, although they seldom succeed so far as to save money enough to retire upon. It is an odd psychological phenomenon, so far as they are concerned, but it perhaps is the one point of hope in the dreary prospects of Mexico.

For, at all events, their rivalry gives a fillip to a society that would otherwise stagnate. They are at least so many centres of free thought and advanced ideas; and, by remonstrating through consuls and legations, when individuals are murdered or wantonly pillaged, they compel some regard to that foreign opinion which would otherwise exercise no influence at all.

For, notwithstanding its perpetual pronunciamentos and revolutions, Mexico is the most conservative of countries. Nowhere else, even in the former colonies of Spain, is progress so absolutely antipathetical to the genius of the people; nowhere is the perpetuation of inveterate abuses so jealously identified with what passes for patriotism. The last war of intervention might no doubt have been expected to have thrown the country back when it failed so completely of its professed purpose. But years have gone by since the execution of Maximilian, and successive liberal Governments have been labouring earnestly enough, according to their light and very moderate means. Yet, in spite of all they have done or attempted to do, life and property seem just as insecure as in the times of any of the older travellers—say, when Ruxton made his famous ride from Vera Cruz to the frontier of the American Union. Mr. Geiger only travelled by frequented thoroughfares. His successive halting places were in its most thriving towns. Yet the whole length of the way was infested by brigands; and he seldom prepares for a fresh departure without telling of some deed of violence perpetrated at some place by which he is to pass. There is a standing tax on travel in shape of the necessity of employing an escort of soldiers if you mean to ride. It is true, the escort is as likely as not to turn tail in an emergency, or it may be composed in the main of brigands who are trying a turn in the army by way of change. Such as it is, however, it would be worse than imprudent to dispense with it. All the diligences, too, are duly escorted, and, what is more, an American car filled with soldiers is attached to each train that plies between the capital and Vera Cruz. As for the roads, they are always infamous and in wet weather nearly impassable. Thus, thanks to the miserable state of the communications and the universal reign of terror, inland industries struggle under terrible disadvantages, while much of the richest soil is left to deserts and *despo-*

blado. If there is truth in the old proverb that when things are at worst they are likely to mend, there ought certainly to be hope for Mexico. Mr. Geiger points to the career of the late President Juarez, a full-blooded Indian, as a proof of the capacity of the Mexicans and an answer to those who condemn them as hopelessly degraded. But if we rely upon what he himself tells us of the people and the system of administration, the prospect appears as gloomy as may be. The population of 9,000,000 is made up of the most unpromising materials conceivable. 6,000,000 of the people are Indians, savage and profoundly ignorant, although, after three centuries of servitude and oppression, they are still, according to Mr. Geiger, the most sterling stuff in the nation. There are 2,500,000 of cross-breeds, ranging through all degrees between the Indian and the European, with most of the vices of their progenitors on either side, and inheriting very few of their virtues. The remaining half-million claims to be pure white, although Mr. Geiger very naturally assumes that estimate to be exaggerated, considering that every one would call himself white if he could. It is true that Mexico has its cooler zones — the *tierra templada* and the *tierra fria* — which are comparatively favourable to the preservation of European vigour. But we know from our experience of Cuba and other countries how rapidly the white race degenerates in these relaxing tropical climates, and we must remember that the blood of the white Mexicans — “Yellow-bellies,” as the American frontier-men call them with expressive contempt — has been but very little renewed from old Spain for many generations. Yet these exhausted whites are supposed to be the salt of the mixed Mexican race; the natural leaders of a degraded population, to whom we must look for the impulse that is to overcome the dogged inertia of ignorance and superstition. For a full three-fourths of the population are calculated to be absolutely at the orders of the clergy, and the clergy sets its face against all enlightenment and progress. Recent legislation may have been rigidly enforced against the Church: convents have been suppressed; Church property nationalized; it is forbidden to any Mexican, male or female, to enter into holy orders. But at a distance from the seat of Government, at least, the influence of the *curés* continues as strong

as ever, and it has been exerted invariably on the side of intolerance and the narrowest prejudices. However well-meaning, then, may be the friends of regeneration, and even though they have far more resolution and perseverance than they have ever as yet exhibited, it is plain that their progress at best must be slow. It is a mockery, indeed, to talk of any general improvement in the country when we look at the tools the authorities have to work with. State offices have been multiplied in order to keep dangerous friends in good humour or to conciliate formidable enemies. Naturally, there are many more applicants for places than there are places to be filled. So the practice is to give a man the temporary tenancy of a post, with an intimation that at the end of the term he must make way for some one else. Accordingly, he loses no time in making hay while the sun shines. He squeezes his dependants unmercifully and robs the treasury unscrupulously. The Government connives at abuses which it foresaw when it gave away the appointment, and each of these petty tyrants and bloodsuckers is nearly absolute in his own province, for the central power is half paralyzed and the communications with the capital are difficult and uncertain. We can have but small faith in the future of Mexico unless the great neighbouring Republic should take it in hand; and as for Mexico's foreign creditors, we can only offer them our sincere sympathy.

However, there is one great national work that, after many delays, has at last been carried out by foreign capitalists. The railway that had its inland terminus so long in the desolate *chaparral* on the verge of the *tierra caliente* is at last opened throughout, from the coast to the capital. Ready money is probably scarce with its managers. The stations are very much in the rough, and even those in the cities at either end are mere sheds of wood. The traffic must be developed and conducted under unusual difficulties; for there are but few feeders in the way of roads; each train, as we have observed, is accompanied by its armed escort; and the mass of Mexicans are not greatly given to moving. But the enterprise of the company deserves reward, and in the descent from the upper table-lands to the lower slopes of the hill Mr. Geiger describes some most ingenious engineering.